

THE SOUTH WELCOMES THE PRESIDENT. FIRE-SWEPT JACKSONVILLE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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CHINA'S TERRIBLE ATONEMENT FOR THE BOXER ATROCITIES.

THE BEHEADING OF CHI HSIN, A BOXER LEADER—SCENE AFTER HIS EXECUTION IN PEKING.—IN THE BACKGROUND, TO THE RIGHT, ANOTHER VICTIM, HSU-CHENG-YI, IS BEING PREPARED FOR HIS FATE.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY SYDNEY ADAMSON, ITS SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN CHINA.—[SEE PAGE 484.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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THE 20TH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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Turn the Rascals Out!

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



EDWIN WILDMAN, EX-VICE-CONSUL TO HONG-KONG.

SECRETARY ROOT is attempting to unearth the army frauds in Manila. His prompt action in demanding of General MacArthur a full report of the commissary scandal is an energetic move in a right direction. But there are a few phases of the question that are worthy of attention, and it is not necessary to cable to Manila to learn about them.

First, we expect too much of the army. General Otis was sent out to the Philippines to suppress the insurrection, to administer civil and municipal affairs, and for the accomplishment of these purposes was empowered to spend millions of dollars. General Otis found the business of spending money so onerous that he didn't have time to do what he was primarily sent out for. He was an administrator and auditor; a soldier incidentally. Result: the campaign dragged on at an enormous expense, but the disbursements were honest and corruption was mighty unpopular.

Chinamen were daily apprehended and punished for having possession of commissary stores. Sergeants were sent home for drawing or permitting to be drawn commissaries in excess of personal requirements. Captains, majors, yes, even a brigadier-general, were given protracted leave to visit Japan, for accepting "squeezes" or permitting lotteries, gambling establishments, and opium-joints. General Otis was a terror to liars and thieves, though *dulce* to the insurgents. So Otis came home.

Second, came the MacArthur régime. General MacArthur is a soldier; a man of the field, engrossed in war-maps, strategies, manœuvres, and the business of killing or routing the enemy. But he was expected to audit bills, spy on commissary officers, watch the custom-house, inspect the tax rolls, organize civil governments, control the police and enforce honesty, and make high business administrators out of men educated in military tactics, experienced in Indian fighting, or, worse yet, fill responsible positions with sons and nephews of "somebody at home." Result: annihilation of the enemy, capture of the prime movers of insurrection, trapping of Aguinaldo, but incompetency in the civil departments, corruption in the commissary, dishonesty and incapability, debauching and disgracing the whole department.

Secretary Root has attempted to expose and punish the guilty ones; but he should look deeper and go further if he hopes for permanent reform. A recurrence can only be prevented by placing competent and honest men in charge of the commissary and in the paymaster's departments. A preliminary step, however, is necessary. The newspapers of Manila should be unmuzzled. Censorship and deportation of newspaper men should be abolished.

As it now is, articles for the use of the army, embracing everything from a lead-pencil to a barrel of flour, enter the islands free of duty, while identical imports intended for general consumption pay a large tax. The temptation to deflect the commissary supplies from their natural channel and sell them to merchants is the pitfall for weak natures. The very character of the Spanish, Chinese, and Filipinos in Manila increases the temptation. "Squeezes" have so long been in vogue and sharp and questionable practices have been winked at so often that dishonesty has become an insular characteristic. Then, too, we rushed in with a high hand. We attempted to abolish opium, cock-fighting, and gambling, three, I was almost going to say, household vices. We might as well have tried, by a single hypodermic, to cure leprosy. The vices would not down. They continued and thrived under our very noses.

But we made them expensive at the expense of our own aroused consciences. "Protection money" became as familiar to the Manila dive keeper as to the Tenderloin

outlaw. One regiment doing police duty in Manila had to be removed. Its reputation became unsavory. Its colonel was sent home—on leave. Honest men deplored these conditions. The Governor-General tried to reform them; the English and the foreign residents decried American rule, and the Filipinos cried for the good old days of Spanish corruption, when the unwritten laws of hush money and bribe-taking limited the fees within prescribed and openly recognized restrictions.

The final exposure is not surprising; it is surprising that it did not occur long ago. Only a strict censorship and dictatorial supervision of the Manila press and correspondents prevented it. When the local newspapers in the Philippines are given rights enjoyed on this side of the water, and editors are relieved of the threat of deportation and the confiscation of their property, the officials at Washington and the public at large will be spared the suddenness of such shocks; for the fear of publicity is a mighty restraint on the weak, and many a man owes his honor to the vigilance of the press. We are suppressing the facts in Manila to impress the native with our honesty of purpose. The Filipino is altogether too far along in the scale to be fooled by false gods.

Edwin Wildman

The South Welcomes the President.

THE hospitality of the South has never been doubted. Yet if there had been even a shadow of suspicion as to its genuineness it would have been forever dispelled by the spontaneity and wholeheartedness of the welcome extended to President McKinley at the various points where he has paused south of Mason and Dixon's line, in the course of his tour across the continent.

The greetings which the President has received en route through the Southern States have been exactly such as his administrative policy has sought to deserve. They respond in the fullest measure to the idea of nationality so aptly expressed by Governor Longino, of Mississippi, in describing President McKinley as "the chief executive of all the people of all the States of the Union," and they will be recognized by all thoughtful Americans as signaling the final triumph of patriotism over sectionalism, and of reason over prejudice.

The hopefulness, courage, and fraternal spirit of the President's utterances are the key-notes of his message to the new South. He bids her to look forward, to move forward and achieve the destiny which, under Providence, it has been his good fortune to open to her people. They have responded to his cheering assurances with a degree of fervor and affection which signifies the keenest appreciation of his purpose and foresight. The demonstrations which have greeted him are graphically pictured by our special artist with the Presidential party in this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. This tour of President McKinley, undertaken at a time when the flag of the republic stands for a broader sovereignty than the nation has ever known heretofore, when the sunshine of the ripening spring typifies a new birth of American patriotism, and when the tide of prosperity is steadily rising above high-water mark—this tour is clearly assured of a place of its own, distinct and apart from all others, in the records of Presidential journeyings.

Reconciling Cuba.

THE Cuban commissioners have returned home satisfied with the Platt amendment, and convinced that the President and his advisers have been actuated in their policy toward Cuba by wise, unselfish, and generous motives. No one ever doubted this except a few of the rancorous and irreconcilable opponents of the administration, and the sentiment against the proposed arrangement with Cuba, so far as it has developed in the island itself, has been almost entirely due to the misrepresentations of this same faction.

The Cuban commissioners now see the question in its true light, and like reasoning and patriotic men gladly acquiesce in the policy outlined at Washington. So far from being an impertinent and oppressive measure, the Platt amendment is designed to secure for the Cuban republic the happiest and most advantageous conditions for national development vouchsafed to any nation in the world. While the republic is left absolutely free in every essential feature of its government, free to develop its own resources according to its own ideas, free to pursue such methods of local administration as the tastes, affinities, and racial peculiarities of its people may dictate, it will be guaranteed perfect immunity from foreign aggression, from wars within and wars without.

It will not be burdened with the cost of maintaining an army and navy, although it will have all the security, the peace, and protection which such powerful arms of government service can bring to any nation. The guardianship exercised by the United States over the island republic will be dictated by precisely the same motives as those which have actuated our government from the beginning of its present relations with Cuba—a genuine and unselfish desire to promote the happiness, prosperity, and general well-being of the Cuban people. Under such benign and favoring auspices the island is certain to become, within a few years, a veritable Pearl of the Antilles.

It should be said here that too much praise cannot be given to Secretary Root, under whose tactful, brilliant, and statesmanlike management the negotiations with Cuba have been carried to their present status. It is fortunate for this country and for Cuba that we have at the head of our War Department at this time a man of the broad mind and executive ability of Mr. Root.

New York's Purblind Police.

THE so-called crusade of the New York health authorities against the spitting nuisance is well enough and commendable in its way, but coming at a time when many other evils of far greater extent and much graver nature are calling vainly for correction, the sudden zeal of the Tammany officials for the suppression of spitters is a proper subject of suspicion. It is

simply an aggravated case of the titling of anise and cummin, while the weightier matters of the law are neglected. It is easy enough to arrest and punish an individual now and then, given to the filthy habit of expectoration in public vehicles, but how about the hordes of vicious and criminal men and women who are permitted to ply their nefarious arts the year around without molestation, and how about the burglars who operate so boldly beneath the very shadows of the police-stations? It is not too much to say that one gambling-den, one vile resort open for the patronage of men and boys, is a greater menace to the welfare of the city than all the public spitting that goes on in a decade. The vices that prey upon the children of the tenements, the shameless, nameless, and monstrous outrages heaped upon the innocent and helpless, how much more important that these should be discovered and suppressed than that a few men guilty of a comparatively trifling offense should be haled before the bar of judgment. The pleas that the police and the detectives do not know of the existence of these vicious resorts, or that they are doing all that is possible for their suppression, are alike false, weak, and foolish. The metropolis employs an army of men, clothes them with ample powers, and sustains them at an enormous expense for the specific purpose of detecting and punishing crime and maintaining law and order. They are numerous and strong enough to do the work thoroughly and well if they had the will to do it. They could prevent, if they would, by the exercise of their authority, a vast number of the offenses against morals and decency constantly occurring, which bring disgrace to the city and misery, suffering, and loss into thousands of homes.

The Plain Truth.

THE unveiling of the equestrian statue of General John A. Logan at the national capital was a fitting occasion for the emphatic expression of that feeling of mutual sympathy and interest which now exists between the North and South, and through the development of which the last traces of the old prejudices and antipathies have almost entirely disappeared. It was Senator Depew who called attention to the fact that General Logan originated the beautiful memorial service "which," in the words of the eloquent Senator, "now in every part of our reunited land sets aside one day in the year as a national holiday, in order that the graves of the gallant dead, both on the Federal and the Confederate side, may be decorated with flowers." When representative Southern men of the war period, like General Joseph Wheeler and Colonel Mosby, are giving expression to views of a similar character and taking their stand among the most hopeful, strong, and progressive leaders of the nation, the day of sectional strife and bitterness may be considered as forever ended. Many incidents occurred during President McKinley's recent passage through the South to emphasize the fact that the era of virulent and rancorous political hostility has gone by. The cordiality which marked the receptions accorded to the Presidential party all along the way was significant and genuine.

Considerations of common sense and good taste, to say nothing of religious propriety, should have been sufficient to have restrained the Kansas City delegation of ministers and business men from going to President McKinley with a request to preside over a big "Sunday demonstration" in that city on a certain date during his Western trip. As it was, the delegation received an emphatic refusal, and it deserved it. If the President were asked to figure as an attraction for a week-day gathering to discuss politics, education, agriculture, or the weather, he might have accepted with perfect propriety, but it was quite a different thing to try to get him to act as a drawing card for a "grand religious gathering" on Sunday. The interests of true religion are not promoted by such means, and the President showed that he appreciated that fact by declining the invitation. A great crowd, an immense chorus, and a big aggregation of distinguished men on the platform are not enough in themselves to make a successful religious meeting. The results in such a case may be quite the reverse of spiritual. The tendency in some quarters to rely upon spectacular attractions to stir up religious interest in a community is a serious reproach upon the men and the churches so engaged. Such scenes serve as an occasion for scoffing rather than for touching and awakening the spiritual consciousness of men.

Governor Odell and the New York Legislature deserve credit for their action in raising this year's appropriation for road improvement from \$220,000 to \$420,000. It would have been a still more creditable action, we think, if the Legislature had approved the \$5,000,000 bond issue for the same purpose. Notwithstanding the effect of such an appropriation upon the State tax rate, and all the other reasons urged against the immediate enactment of the bill, we believe that the State ought to have the money this year, and that it would have been in harmony with real economy and sound policy to make the needed provision. New York State, in common with most other parts of the Union, is sadly behind the times in the matter of road improvement. General Miles was wholly within the truth when he said, in an address before the Automobile Club in New York the other evening, that "We have the poorest system of common roads to be found in any country possessing a stable government." It is high time that our legislative bodies and the country generally adopted a more enlightened, progressive, and rational policy with respect to highway improvements. Large and gratifying advancement has been made in this direction by Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, but in most other States little or nothing has been done. A beginning has been made in New York, but the appropriations have been small and inadequate, and thus far only thirty-five miles of improved roads have been finished, while eighteen are in process of construction. At this rate it will take a century or two to improve the thousands of miles of highway in the State. The sum of \$5,000,000 is not too much to allow for this purpose for a vast area like the Empire State, and it would be the most profitable investment that the commonwealth has ever made. Among the dividends it would yield would be increased valuations of all rural property, a reduced expenditure in haulage and the wear and tear of horses and wagons, and a vast amount of added comfort and pleasure for all who make use of the highways for travel in any form.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—GOVERNOR LESLIE M. SHAW, of Iowa, issues paroles instead of pardons to the men he has determined to free from behind



GOVERNOR SHAW, OF IOWA, WHO IS TRYING A NEW PRISON SYSTEM.

prison walls. The paroles are conditional upon good behavior. If at any time the released prisoner returns to his former ways or has entered upon any other life than one of honesty and industry the parole is revoked and he is returned to the penitentiary. Time spent outside the prison does not count in any way toward the length of the original term for which sentence was pronounced. Paroled prisoners are required to report monthly their whereabouts and occupation to the Governor. The Governor is informed as to the correctness of these reports from other sources. In Iowa the pardoning or paroling power is vested exclusively in the chief executive. In many States this power is left to a pardon board chosen by the Governor or the Legislature. No attempt, however, has ever been made in Iowa to inaugurate the change, the present system being entirely satisfactory. Another idea introduced by the present Governor is the suppression of information concerning paroles or requests for paroles. The workings of the parole department are as a closed book. None of the information received by the pardon-clerk is ever made public, and the only way that a parole becomes generally known is by having the local newspapers in the town where the prisoner lived take the matter up and tell of the restoration of the convict to public life. Governor Shaw has adopted this course because he believes that the suppression of information is beneficial to the man who has changed his stripes for the garb of an ordinary citizen. Were the paroles published the leading papers of the State would run in connection therewith the history of the crime which resulted in conviction, bringing the subject vividly before the people. This is like branding a criminal and giving the public a detailed description of the mark. The Governor declares that a man freed from prison under such circumstances finds it almost impossible to get honest employment, or to live as he had determined when leaving the penitentiary. Failing to accomplish a reformation he is thrown back among his own companions, and sooner or later becomes a hardened criminal. During the past year Governor Shaw freed twenty-five convicts. More than half the number were turned loose the day before Christmas, that they might celebrate the day of peace and good-will to men with their families.

—There was a brief truce in the eventful and stormy career of M. Paul Deschanel, president of the French Chamber of



MADemoiselle GERMAINE BRICE, RECENTLY WEDDED TO MONSIEUR DESCHANDEL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Deputies, early in February, when it was officially announced that he was about to be married to the young and charming daughter of M. René Brice, deputy from Ile-et-Vilaine and son-in-law of the late Camille Doucet, for years secretary of the French Academy. Sectarian strife and political jangling were hushed and forgotten for the time being, while all Paris talked and speculated about the wedding. The civil ceremony took place on February 13th, the forty-fifth birthday of Monsieur Deschanel. But it was the marriage service celebrated in the historic Church of St. Germain on February 16th to which the eyes of fashionable Paris were turned. Such a crush of humanity as there was on this occasion the French capital has seldom seen. Among the notabilities present were President Loubet, Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, Ambassador Porter, General Andre, minister of war, and Count and Countess Boni de Castellane. The church was large enough to hold only a few of the thousands who had been invited, and many notabilities and leading guests had great difficulty in gaining entrance. The streets immediately about the church were densely packed. Monsieur Deschanel, his bride, and their parents were kept waiting at the church-door for ten minutes before the police could force a passage through the crowd. The bridegroom flew in the face of fashionable precedent and wore a frock coat instead of an evening dress, according to the established rule of French weddings, an innovation for which he has since been much commended. To its account of this wedding the

Paris *Figaro* adds, for the information of those who regard the 13th of the month as unlucky, that both the bride and bridegroom attach a lucky superstition to it. Both were born on the 13th, Monsieur Deschanel on February 13th, 1856, and Mlle. Germaine Brice on February 13th, 1876. The bride gave her consent to the marriage on the 13th of the month, and the names, Christian and surname, of both are composed of thirteen letters.

—Other things being equal, a representative in Congress who has already had experience in that body extending over



HON. JOHN H. MITCHELL, SENATOR FROM OREGON FOR THE FOURTH TIME.

a term of years is much to be preferred to a new and untried man. Oregon has wisely made such a choice in sending the Hon. John H. Mitchell back to the United States Senate for the fourth time. This selection was only made, however, after a long and exciting contest, in which fifty-three ballots were taken. Mr. Mitchell's election was accomplished finally by a combination of thirty-five Republicans and eleven Democrats, giving him a majority on a joint ballot. The decisive vote was taken at midnight of February 24th, in a scene

of intense excitement, the result up to the last moment being exceedingly doubtful. Mr. Mitchell's three previous terms in the Senate were not continuous. He was elected the first time in 1872, again in 1884, and a third time in 1891. Senator Mitchell is a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1835. After entering the legal profession he removed first to California, and later, in 1860, to Oregon, where he has since resided. He has been a prominent figure in Oregon politics and in its legal circles for many years. He served four years in the State Senate, the last two as president of that body. He has an extensive practice as a corporation lawyer. He has always been a staunch Republican.

—Our representatives abroad, both in the diplomatic and consular service, have not infrequently contributed freely



REV. DANIEL T. PHILLIPS, THE ONLY UNITED STATES CONSUL WHO IS ALSO A PREACHER.

of their time and energies to various good causes outside of their regular line of duties. Sometimes their interest is enlisted in some educational enterprise, and again it is some form of charity or philanthropy to which they are asked to give a helping hand. Work of this sort more often falls to the lot of ministers and ambassadors than to consuls, the latter being engaged chiefly in service of a commercial character. Rev. Daniel T. Phillips, our consul at Cardiff, Wales, varies his duties as a representative of Uncle Sam by occasional appearances in Welsh pulpits. Mr. Phillips is a regularly ordained Baptist preacher, and, being an eloquent and forceful speaker, is in great demand among the churches of his denomination in Cardiff and its vicinity. So far as known, he is the only one of our consular representatives who is still active in the ministry.

In none of the States in which Senatorial deadlocks have been a feature of recent legislative proceedings was the



MR. DAVID E. THOMPSON, WHO CAME WITHIN SEVEN VOTES OF BEING ELECTED SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.

struggle more prolonged, exciting and bitter than in Nebraska. Among the leading candidates there were such well-known men as Mr. Meiklejohn, former Assistant Secretary of War, ex-Senator Allen, and Mr. Rosewater, of the Omaha *Bee*. Another man not so well known outside of Nebraska who came near winning the prize was Mr. David E. Thompson. Week after week the tide of battle surged back and forth between these rivals for the toga, and the fight was fierce. Late in the session, about March 20th, a caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature was held and it was agreed to unite in support of

Mr. Thompson. As the Republicans were in the majority on a joint ballot this action would have insured the election of Mr. Thompson had it not been that seven Republicans refused to stand by him. Finally, on the last day of the session, March 28th, all who had been candidates up to that date withdrew, and the deadlock was broken by the election of Governor C. H. Dietrich and Mr. J. H. Millard. Mr. Thompson, the man who thus came within seven votes of a United States Senatorship, has had a peculiarly interesting career. He was

born in Hillsdale, Michigan, in 1854. Thirty years ago he went to Lincoln penniless and unknown. He secured employment as a truckman at the Burlington depot, and nine years later was chosen division superintendent of the entire system. He had also accumulated a snug fortune. In 1890 he resigned his position with the railroad company and devoted his entire attention to business. Ten years more placed his name on the list of Western millionaires. Next, he turned his attention to politics, and is now the dominant factor in the political arena of his adopted State. He never made a speech or attended a caucus in all his life, but relies on party organization and an accurate knowledge of political conditions. He is retiring and practically unknown to the rank and file of the party. Silent, inscrutable, a tireless worker, he wins by sheer force of brawn and brain. He has made himself popular throughout Nebraska by his numerous gifts to charities and his many philanthropic schemes. While the Omaha exposition was in progress he sent all the children of Lincoln between the ages of eight and sixteen years to see the sights. Twelve hundred children accepted the offer. They spent a day at Omaha.

—Hon. F. Degetan y Gonzales, the commissioner to the Congress of the United States from Porto Rico, is a man of



HON. F. DEGETAN Y GONZALES, PORTO RICO'S COMMISSIONER TO CONGRESS.

much learning and a wide acquaintance with public affairs. He is a lawyer and a graduate of the Central University at Madrid. While yet a very young man he was elected by the Academy of Anthropological Sciences at Madrid to the presidency of the department of moral and political sciences. He also studied at the Salamanca and Granada universities. He is a member of a number of scientific societies, and is president of the local board of education at San Juan. He was secretary of the interior for Porto Rico by appointment of General Henry. Though born in 1862, and therefore only thirty-nine years of age, Señor Degetan has long been recognized as a leader among his people. His aspirations were republican, and in 1896 he was one of the four commissioners sent to Spain to ask for autonomy. In 1898 he was elected a deputy to the Cortez at Madrid. He is the author of a number of books, consisting of essays, novels, and short stories. Political, educational, and sociological questions have so deeply interested him that they form the central problems of even his lighter essays in the field of fiction. "What a Quixote" is a protest against the indifference of modern society; "The Redemption of a Conscript" deals with the question of philanthropy; two others with the social slavery of children, one a circus boy and the other a little negro attached to a Porto Rican sugar plantation. "Tales for the Voyage" (*Cuentos Para el Viaje*) is a collection of short stories more or less concerned with the problems of environment and education; and "Youth"—these latter two forming the latest and most mature of his writings—consists of a series of pictures in the life of young men whose fundamental aspiration is the abolition of capital punishment. This last work is in spirit if not in letter autobiographical, and is reflective, in a vivid way, of the author's experiences while studying in Madrid. "The A B C of the Froebel System" is a study of those methods of instruction linked with the name of the great German educator. This work has given Señor Degetan a wide reputation in educational circles.

—A position as influential as it is unique is that held by Miss Lena E. Harvey, chaplain of the Neighborhood House,



MISS LENA E. HARVEY, THE ONLY WOMAN CHAPLAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

one of several noble philanthropic enterprises maintained in Dayton, O., by the National Cash Register Company of that city. She is said to be the only woman chaplain in the United States. Miss Harvey is a graduate of Union Christian College, and has been a mission worker ever since her early girlhood. She was ordained a deaconess by her church in 1893, and since that date has given her entire time to work among the poor and needy in different cities of Ohio. Four years ago she was placed in charge of Neighborhood House. She receives no salary, but is given a home and a liberal allowance. Her work lies chiefly among the women and girls employed by the company, but she comes in contact with the men as well, since she is free to go to any part of the factory, and is the organizer of the social life of the factory and the community, as well as the superintendent of the Sunday-school and the spiritual adviser of all who need her counsel and help. It is impossible, in a paragraph, to name all the multifarious duties that fall to Miss Harvey. She is in the position of a mother to a big and growing family, and like such mothers generally she has all kinds of demands to meet at all times of day, and she meets them in a spirit of love, gentleness, and patience, as all good mothers do.



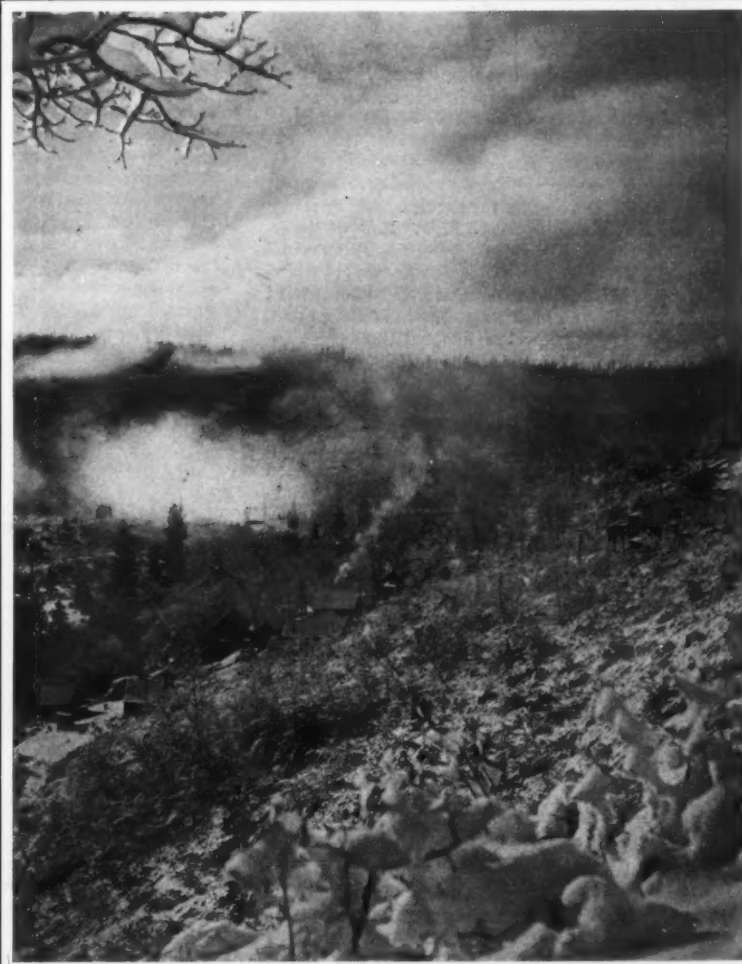
BOYS READY TO DIVE FOR COIN THROWN INTO THE WATER BY STEAMER PASSENGERS AT NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS.—*Photograph by L. H. Schultz, New York.*



NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS AND CENTURY PLANT, BEARING SEVEN ENORMOUS BLOSSOMS, IN CITY PARK, DENVER.—*James B. Brown, Jr., Denver.*



HAPPY CHINESE CHILDREN.
Mrs. J. D. McCully, Joseph, Oreg.



THE PLUMBAGO MINES OF CALIFORNIA.
J. C. Howell, Union League Club, New York, N. Y.



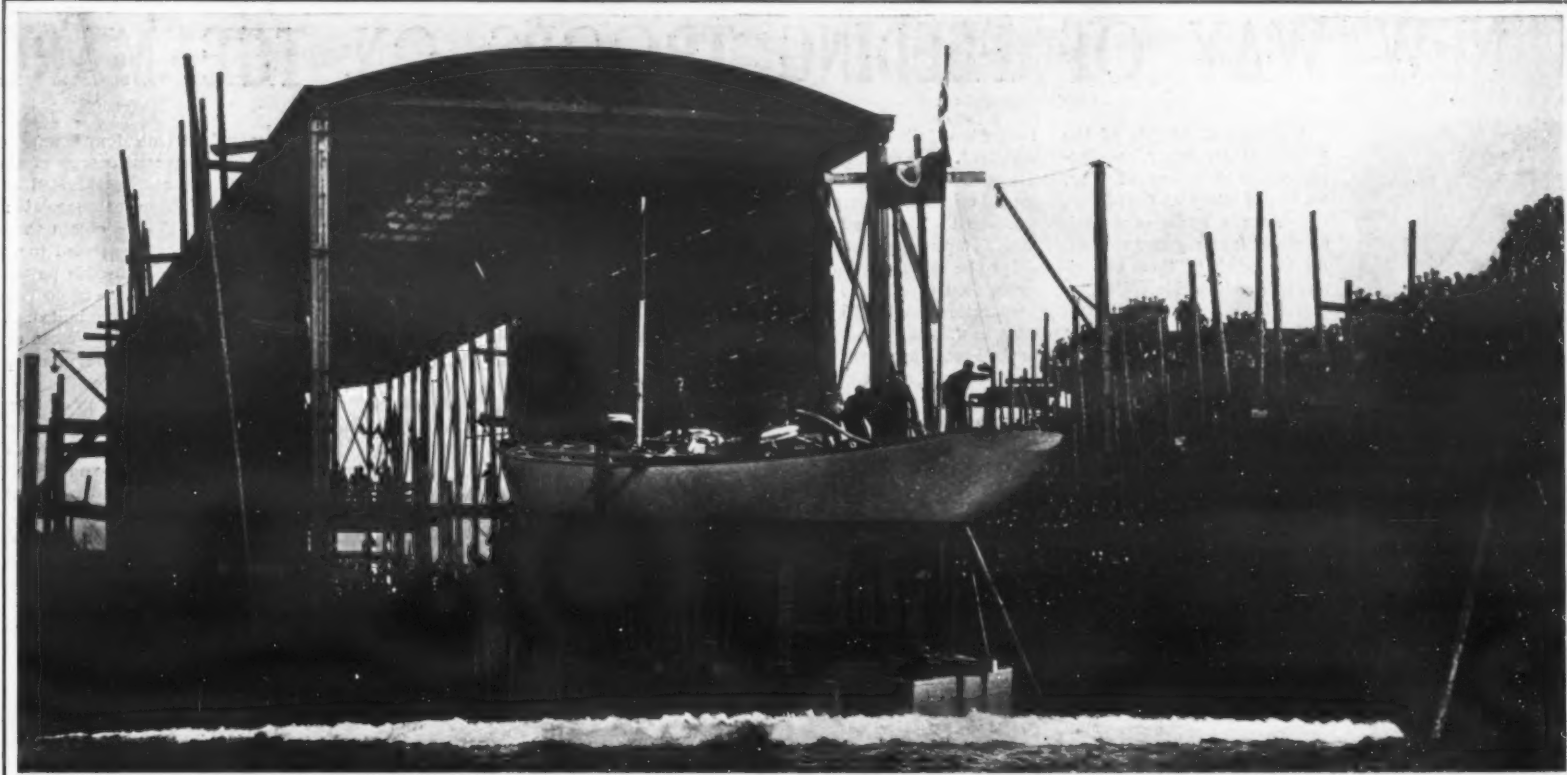
(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) PERILOUS MOMENT IN A TROOPER'S LIFE.
R. G. Robinson, Albany, N. Y.



A PICTURESQUE MARKET SCENE AT AGUASCALIENTES.
Thomas Brown, Jr., Aguascalientes, Mexico.

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

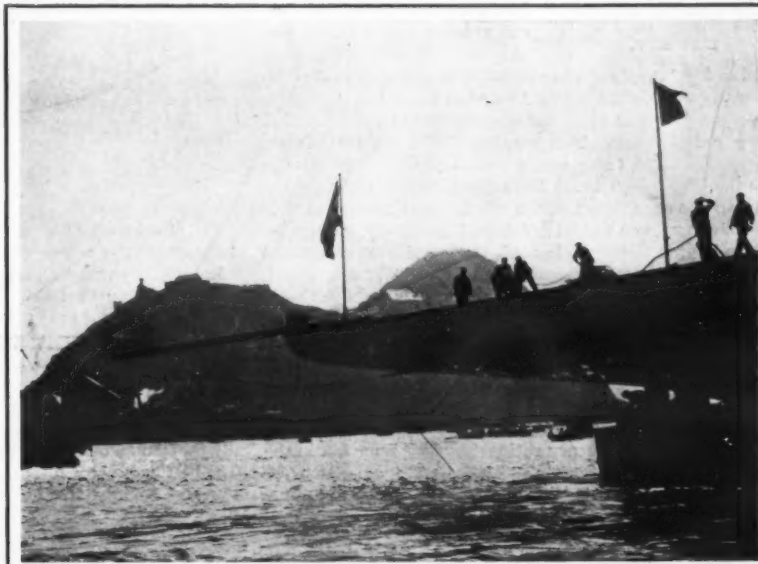
[SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.]



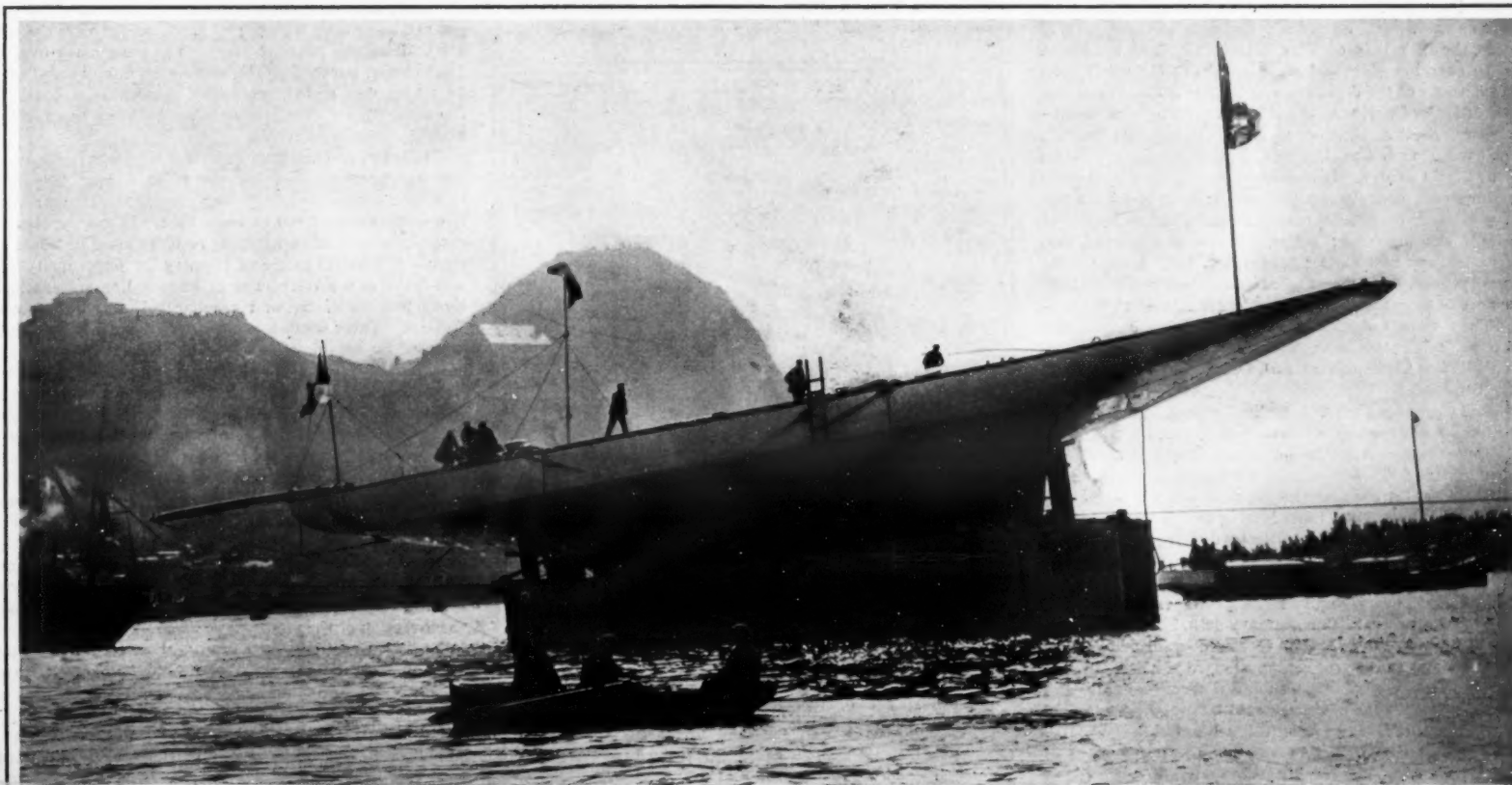
THE "SHAMROCK II." LEAVING THE BUILDERS' SHED, HER OUTLINES, ABOUT WHICH SO MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN, PARTLY CONCEALED BY PONTOONS.



THE "SHAMROCK II.'S" PLUMP BODY AND RUN DISCLOSED—CREW GETTING OUT TOW-LINES AFTER THE LAUNCHING.



THE BOW OF "SHAMROCK II.," SHOWING ITS HOMELY SNUB-NOSE—BEAUTY BEING SACRIFICED TO STRENGTH.

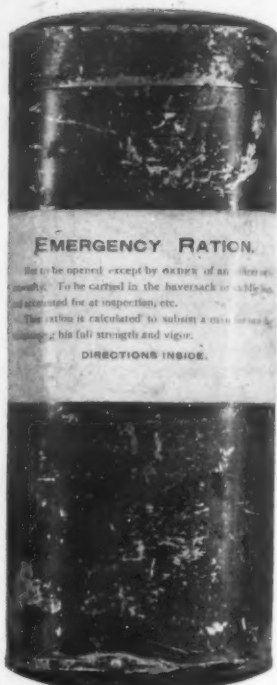


THE FIRST FULL VIEW OF THE "SHAMROCK II.," WITH PONTOONS PROTECTING HER KEEL FROM INJURY AT THE LAUNCHING—THEY ALSO CONCEAL IT FROM PUBLIC GAZE.

LAUNCHING THE "SHAMROCK II.," THE ENGLISH CUP-HUNTER.

FIRST DISCLOSURE OF THE FORM OF THE YACHT WHICH WILL CROSS THE OCEAN AND TRY TO "LIFT" AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL CUP.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY AGNEW & SON, GLASGOW.—[SEE PAGE 481.]

A NEW WAY OF FEEDING TROOPS ON THE MARCH.



THE NEW EMERGENCY RATION. ACTUAL SIZE SIX AND ONE-FOURTH BY TWO INCHES. CONTAINS A SOLDIER'S FOOD FOR AN ENTIRE DAY.

A BOARD of officers of the United States Army, appointed by the Secretary of War, concluded lately at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, a series of experiments with emergency rations. As the result of these experiments, President McKinley, on March 26th, 1901, established as a part of the food supply of the regular army an emergency ration prepared by the board. Army officers regard the new ration as of such importance to the service that its value can scarcely be estimated. The experiments were begun last November and continued for a period of thirty-five days.

An emergency ration is for the use of troops sent suddenly away from their base of supplies into a hostile territory where food is scarce or wholly unobtainable, and where maneuvering must be swift and unencumbered by heavy supply trains. A single ration should maintain a man in health and strength for twenty-four hours. It should possess good keeping qualities, require no fire for its preparation, and its palatability be such as to permit of its use for as many as five days without causing nausea. A ration should be so compact in form

that a five days' supply can be carried by a soldier as part of his equipment. The United States Army has never had such a ration, and no European army has one possessing all these merits. Had the invading army been supplied with a like ration upon landing at Santiago, there would probably have been no San Juan hill. The troops could have disembarked and marched quickly to the unoccupied points of vantage, entrenched with comparative ease, and waited five days, if necessary, for regular rations to be sent forward. Instead, the Spanish army fortified strong positions almost without molestation, while the American troops waited and struggled to get supplies from the holds of ships. When it was dangerous and almost impossible to carry food to the men who lay for days and nights in the bullet-swept trenches, an emergency ration would have given them sustenance and made unnecessary the danger of cooking on the firing-line. To scouting parties in the Philippines the ration would be of especial value.

The need of an emergency ration has long been felt in the army. Attention was called to this fact by Brigadier-General Michael R. Morgan, commissary-general of subsistence, in a communication addressed to Brigadier-General George D. Ruggles, adjutant-general, on April 17th, 1895. Daniel S. Lamont, then Secretary of War, approved General Morgan's suggestion, and the commanding generals of the eight military departments were instructed to convene boards in their respective departments, to consist in each of one officer of the subsistence department, one of the medical department, and three of the line, to consider and recommend a proper ration for troops operating in emergencies. Upon the submission of the reports of the boards, the Secretary of War, March 28th, 1896, appointed a board to examine them and recommend a ration based upon the investigations of the departmental boards. This board was composed of Major Charles A. Woodruff, commissary of subsistence; Major Ernest A. Garlington, inspector-general; Captain Louis A. Craig, Sixth Cavalry, and First Lieutenant William C. Brown, First Cavalry. It recommended a ration of the following component parts: bacon, ten ounces; hard bread, sixteen ounces; pea-meal, four ounces, or an equivalent in approved material for making soup; coffee, roasted and ground, two ounces, or tea, one-half ounce; saccharine, four grains; salt, 0.64 ounce; pepper, 0.04 ounce; tobacco, one-half ounce. These articles were in separate packages, and were carried in the haversack. Their total weight was about thirty-five ounces and the cost of a single ration seventeen and one-half cents. A practical field test was made at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in May, 1897, under the direction of Captain Brown and Major Smart, who accompanied the expedition as a medical expert. The troopers lived for ten days upon half a ration a day, and, following the report of Captain Brown and Major Smart, President Cleveland established the ration. Its defects were such, however, as to prevent its successful use, and the ration was never manufactured. The government has been issuing to the troops in the Philippines and elsewhere an entirely different emergency ration.

With armies in the field, the need of an emergency ration which would meet every requirement of the service became more pressing than ever, and on January 20th, 1899, application was made to the Secretary of War by the commissary-general of subsistence for an order convening a board of officers to conduct a series of experiments that should determine finally and conclusively whether such a ration could be found. The board was appointed and ordered to meet in Washington in February, 1899, but later, at the request of the commissary-general of subsistence, its duties were transferred to a board composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Dempsey, First Infantry; Captain Samuel W. Fountain, now Major Eighth Cavalry, and Captain F. W. Foster, Fifth Cavalry, which had been appointed to consider and report upon the composition of a ration suitable for use in tropical climates. Authority was given to draw upon every resource at the command of the government in conducting the inquiry, and the board was instructed to recommend no

ration that failed in the slightest degree to meet the required standard. All rations below this standard were to be rejected. There should be no first, second, or third choice, and the board should continue in search until successful, or its resources were exhausted. The board was convened in Washington, with Colonel Dempsey as president, and Captain Foster as recorder. Advertisements were printed asking manufacturers of emergency food supplies to submit their products. All emergency preparations used in foreign armies that could be obtained were examined. The German and English supplies, and the soups used in the French army were analyzed. The board considered foods, canned meats, soups, and patent preparations of all kinds.

Only three rations were found to possess qualities warranting experimental tests in the field. Cavalrymen, rather than infantrymen, were chosen for these tests, for the reason that whenever possible only mounted soldiers would be sent upon emergency expeditions. One of these rations was produced by the board, another was manufactured in Chicago, and the third in New Jersey. Each ration was contained in an hermetically-sealed tin can, with a key for opening it, and, exclusive of the can, weighed about a pound. In addition to the food, which was divided into three portions, one for each meal, there was salt and pepper for seasoning, and a stimulant.



CAVALRY TROOPERS MANEUVERING ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

The food in the Chicago ration was composed of bacon, potatoes, onions, a coarsely-ground cereal, and seemingly a meat extract. It could be cooked into a savory soup or hash, and the latter could be fried. Its stimulant was sweetened tea, in quantity sufficient to make two quarts. The New Jersey ration contained bacon, but less fatty material, and offered more variety in its preparation, as it could be eaten dry or made into soup, porridge, Hamburger steak, or hash. Its characteristic taste was that of pea-meal, which formed its bread supply. Sweetened tea was its stimulant. The board's ration was simply beef and wheat, with sweetened chocolate for a stimulant. The beef and wheat mixture could be eaten dry, or as a soup or porridge, and, by the addition of grease, the porridge could be fried.

None of the rations contained an allowance of tobacco, the board believing that a soldier who used tobacco would always take the precaution to supply himself. The cost of the board's ration was twenty-five cents. The others cost more. The oval, flask-shaped tin can containing the board's ration is six and one-quarter inches long, with end dimensions of one and one-half by two inches. The total weight of can and contents is about twenty ounces. The board sought to put into its ration



CAPTAINS FOUNTAIN AND FOSTER, THE EMERGENCY RATION BOARD, IN THE FIELD.

the greatest possible amount of tissue-building material, to provide muscular strength, and depended for the necessary fat mostly upon the supply stored in the soldier's body. A difficult problem was to ascertain the proper relative proportion between the protein, from which muscular strength is drawn, and the fat and carbohydrates used as fuel in consuming waste material. Food producing 1,800 calories of heat is a diet sufficient

to maintain an average man for twenty-four hours. A laborer consumes 3,500 calories. The potential energy of the board's ration, as finally fixed, was 2,450 calories, divided as follows, part of the energy being derived from the chocolate: Protein, 490; fat, 245; carbohydrates, 1,715. To obtain these proportions, a pound of raw, lean beef was desiccated to a weight of four ounces and pounded into an impalpable powder. With this was mixed mechanically eight ounces of coarsely-ground parched wheat that first had been boiled and hulled. This gave the staple food of the American people—meat and bread. Three-fourths of an ounce of salt and a gram of red pepper, in packages, were included for extra seasoning.

The board was embarrassed for a time in deciding upon a stimulant. Coffee was known to be preferred by a majority of persons in this country, but fire being necessary for its preparation, and, furthermore, there being no known method by which the strength of parched and ground coffee could be preserved, it was rejected, as was tea, which comparatively few Americans relish. Chocolate offered advantages which caused its adoption. Pure chocolate was combined with an equal quantity of sugar and pressed into cakes, which might be eaten without further preparation, or boiled and drank. Three cakes, wrapped in tin-foil, and having a total weight of four ounces

were made a part of each ration. Chocolate, unlike tea or coffee, is nutritious as well as stimulating.

All possible fat was eliminated from the food compound, which at first contained thirteen per cent., but in the end only five per cent. Fat was objected to because of its indigestibility and the danger of rancidity when brought in contact with a cereal. Rancidity could have been prevented by the use of chemicals, but chemicals cause stomach troubles, and a soldier with a bad stomach is practically useless. This fear of endangering health was responsible largely for the selection of wheat as the cereal to be used in the ration. In European armies, pease and beans, which are cheap and nutritious, are commonly used, but cause disorders of the stomach unless thoroughly cooked. It is difficult to know whether they have been well cooked until after they have been eaten, a risk which the board thought best to avoid.

The food is the product of the experience of the American army, extending over a period of many years. In Indian campaigns, especially among the Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona, the ability of war parties to travel long distances continuously for many days, enduring all manner of hardships and yet retaining their fighting strength, was always the wonder of the soldiers who pursued them. The emergency food of these Indians was parched grain, usually corn, and dried lean meat, to which was added, whenever obtainable, a coarse, brown, domestic sugar. The resemblance between this food and the board's ration is apparent.

The board reached Fort Reno last November. Captain Fountain was president, having succeeded Colonel Dempsey, who had been ordered to join his regiment in the Orient. The board had 6,000 rations, 2,000 of each kind. It was decided that the ration giving most satisfactory results should be tested a second time. A splendid range of country for experimental purposes was found in the Wichita and Caddo Indian reservation, thirty by forty miles in size, and uninhabited, save by a few hundred Indians. There was an abundance of good water, and plenty of grass for foraging horses. The absence of farm-houses and stores made it impossible for the soldiers to get extra provisions in a surreptitious manner and thereby destroy the value of a ration test. Twenty-five men were detailed from Troop A, Eighth Cavalry, in garrison at Fort Reno, for the first expedition. The men were young and mostly raw recruits, but all were strong and sturdy. Each trooper equipped himself as if going upon an actual campaign. Two conical wall tents, with Sibley stoves, for the officers, and a like number for the men, provided comfortable shelter. Supplies and camp equipage were hauled in big transport wagons. A Red Cross ambulance, with a hospital steward, accompanied the expeditions to care for sick and injured. A small library of popular fiction was carried for the diversion of the men.

Each test required seven days. For the first two days the men ate the regular army ration and such game as was killed on the day's march. All food was then put under lock and key and only emergency rations issued.

In order to make the test as rigid as possible, the men were forbidden to eat anything except the ration. In actual warfare, however, they would be permitted, in addition to the emergency ration, to eat whatever they could forage. For the first two or three meals each man prepared his ration as suited him best, after which the ration was cooked in bulk in the form preferred by the greatest number. Soup was the choice of most of the men. The command was ready to march by nine o'clock each morning, and, with the exception of a rest of about fifteen minutes at noon for lunch, the men remained in the sad-

dle until they had traveled about twenty-five miles at the rate of four miles an hour. Camp was pitched near a running stream. Throughout the series of experiments the nights, as a rule, were clear and frosty, and the days filled with sunshine. Each day after pitching camp the men were stripped to their underclothing and weighed and their temperatures taken, to ascertain whatever variation there might be.

The first test was made with the board's ration. Most of the men accommodated themselves readily to its use. A few failed to find it wholly appetizing at first, but hunger removed squeamishness, and soon every man was eating his full share. As a porridge, the ration tasted like good beef-hash, and was satisfying and palatable. No variations in temperature other than normal were observed. During the first forty-eight hours a majority of the men lost in weight, the average loss being from two to six pounds, but in nearly every instance this was regained before the end of the fifth day, and the board was unable to say positively whether the differences in weight were due to the ration or to the out-door life and exercise. That the men did not fail in strength was shown by their eagerness to engage in athletics after they had gone into camp, and the exertion they underwent in exploring the surrounding country. There was some complaint of a feeling of hunger at the end of a meal, but this sensation was imaginary rather than real, and was due to the fact that the food in quantity was not sufficient fully to distend the stomach. By drinking water this feeling of a lack of food was soon relieved. The sweetened chocolate was a far better substitute for coffee than had been expected. The men ate it with even more relish than they drank it, and in either form it satisfied their desire for a stimulant. A notable merit of the ration was that its continued use did not produce nausea.

The Chicago and New Jersey rations were tested with different detachments from Troop A. One of these rations proved to be unpalatable, and the men lost in both weight and strength. They objected to tea as a stimulant, saying that its effect was scarcely more than so much hot water. The other ration was quite greasy, and made an excellent hash, but the men grew tired of it. Nausea made it impossible to eat a full ration a day, and weakness naturally followed a reduction in the necessary amount of food. The food supply in this ration seemed to be deficient or incapable of complete assimilation. There was also a lack of carbohydrates, as the men craved bread.

The results of the three tests were such that the board had no hesitancy in choosing its own ration for the fourth and final test. Twenty-five men from Troop A, Fort Reno, and an equal number from Troop C, Fort Sill, composed the detachment that marched through the Wichita and Caddo reservation during the first week of last December. Ben Clark, a grizzled scout and Indian interpreter at Fort Reno, and for forty years a plainsman, was the guide. Every precaution was taken to see that the men got no other food than the ration. They were assembled around the camp-fire on the first night and told by Captain Foster that no man would be required to endanger his health or undergo great discomfort. Should he feel unable at any time to continue eating the ration, he would be put on regular rations upon making known his condition. "I want you to realize," said Captain Foster, "that not only your own lives, but the life of every man in your regiment may at some future time depend on this ration, and that nothing should be done by you to mislead the board in determining its full value."

Several men asked to be put on regular rations, but were suspected of shirking, and were refused. The fact that they offered no further protest and ate the emergency ration at every meal convinced the board that its suspicions were not unjust. When the expedition returned to Fort Reno on December 7th, 1900, every man had subsisted full time on the ration, and there had been no sickness. The troopers were in good strength and weight. This test, in fact, was even more satisfactory than the first. A number of men declared that they could easily live on the ration for a week and perhaps longer. Aversion to food of this kind, if nauseating, is so great that no spirit of bravado or pride can overcome it. The experience of the members of the board and Ben Clark, the guide, was more conclusive than that of the men. During the thirty-five days of experimental work, they lived for twenty days on emergency rations and returned from the last trip in good condition.

The War Department is now sending to the Philippines 50,000 of the new rations, manufactured under contract by a Kansas City packing company. Other shipments are to be made to Alaska, Cuba, and Porto Rico, where the ration has been asked for. It is probable that the ration will be supplied to the different military posts in the United States for use in case of emergency.

F. S. BARDE.

Patriots' Day Lessons in Boston.

WITHIN a plain iron fencing, terraced a few feet above a street where between lofty buildings multitudes pass constantly, could be seen on the morning of April 20th, 1901, a fresh wreath tied with heavy satin ribbons, buff and blue, the American Colonial colors, adorning a massive boulder. In addition to the ephemeral wreath, placed there the day before, Patriots' Day, there is also upon this monumental boulder a permanent plate of bronze securely riveted, bearing this inscription:

HERE LIES BURIED
SAMUEL ADAMS
Signer of the Declaration of Independence
Governor of this Commonwealth
A Leader of Men and an ardent Patriot
Born 1722 Died 1803
Massachusetts Sons of the
Society Revolution

Farther back in this ancient terraced graveyard there looms among simpler head-stones of gray slate the tall, white stone marking the grave of John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence. Yet farther back from the busy street—back there in peace among the trees—is a plain, low shaft surmounted by a projecting cap-stone, now also wreathed. It is not conspicuous; yet whoever looks down from any of the encompassing lofty buildings upon this venerable graveyard will observe that two evident, distinctly-marked paths, worn through

its sod by pilgrim feet, lead from the entrance gate direct to that plain, low shaft, conjoin and end there. These simple foot-paths, traversed by myriad feet of the people doing pilgrimage to this spot of earth, are mute yet eloquent testimony to American popular feeling for Paul Revere, immortal first courier of the American Revolution. Not mere local feeling, but national; for only on occasions when organizations of national scope make Boston their meeting-place, is this ancient yard, the Old Granary burying-ground, thrown open to representative American people in Boston assembled. And it is noteworthy that to the historic sacred places these visitors from all over our country flock with an evident interest which is an example and stimulus to the local citizens.

There is every reason why this national interest should reach its climax in the regard for Paul Revere; because he himself, in his time, was a peculiarly national figure. We are apt to scantily estimate, in these present days of steam and electricity, the part which the "man on horseback" played in the world's history up to a time post-dating the American Revolution. He and his steed were the typical incarnation of most rapid transit for mortals and mortal intelligence; the limit of their powers was essentially the limit to which the people of the earth could go in communicating, organizing, and acting concertedly for or against each other in working out human destinies.

Paul Revere was the climactic representative of this incarnation. Alert, skillful, and daring, full to his soul-brim of the fiery spirit and "inexorable logic" of the Revolution, he dashed



TOWN HALL OF REVERE, A SUBURB OF BOSTON, NAMED IN HONOR OF THE FAMOUS PATRIOT, PAUL REVERE.

on horseback between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; he and his steed the animate *nexus* between these three foci of the world's greatest movement for human liberty and enlightenment. "The American Mercury" he has been aptly called. It was natural, then, and most dramatically appropriate—yes, more, it was part of the eternal plan of human affairs, that when the kindling Revolution burst forth at last, it was Paul Revere, trained and ready, who, at glimpse of the signal lights in Boston's Christ Church tower, sped on his horse to "kindle the land into flame"—a flame which has, sure as the process of the suns, enwrapped and changed forever the whole habitable world—changed forever the thought and processes of its people.

Now in this venerable churchyard, treasured more and more as the years go by, rests all that is mortal of Paul Revere and of Adams and Hancock, whom he aroused at Lexington that spring morning some 126 years ago. All around are spots that constitute what is "classic," as a nation grows and the everyday becomes the traditional, while "the irrecoverable years weave their blue glory" about it. The town wherefrom Revere rode forth upon his mission has grown to the metropolis of more than half a million population—the metropolitan Boston with its "wheel and hub" system of centrifugal local governments and centripetal metropolitan government at the State House.

This neighboring State House whose corner-stone Revere and Adams laid; yonder Tremont Temple, where gathered once in memorial service for Bayard Taylor his white-haired brethren, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, and their kind, when at the centre of the group upon the platform was the vacant chair placed for Longfellow, immortal immortalizer of Revere's Midnight Ride: Tremont Temple, where George William Curtis delivered New York's memorial message to Boston mourning Wendell Phillips's death—a message that our nation may well study in these present crucial days; yonder Music Hall with its forum record consummated and closed by John D. Long, civilian secretary of our nation's victorious navy, as he acknowledged with choking emotion the plaudits of his fellow-citizens at the close of the Spanish war, and then pronounced with deliberate speech the first official declaration of our nation's purpose as to its new and larger duties and possessions;—historic Temple and Hall here are worthy *vis-à-vis* of Old Granary yard, and by their associations sun up the progress made since Paul Revere aroused and promoted the Revolution, furthered Washington's cherished plan of Nationalism, and wrought finally at the local task of founding deep and sure the prosperity of this New England city, second metropolis of the Western continent.

Served by all the marvelous inventions and enginery of latter-day civilization; possessing a suffrage system which recognizes no distinctions of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; which requires no property qualification whatever for even the highest office of Governor of the commonwealth—nothing more than a reading and writing qualification sufficient to sign a name and read a ballot; this free city, metropolitan Boston, of over half a million population, is a power that must be reckoned with by any fresh civic aspirants for supremacy anywhere in our nation. Should we attempt to sum up in three words the elements most effective in promoting this city's suc-

cess and power, the words would be liberty, enterprise, reverence.

Because of this last pre-eminent quality of its citizenship, the modern "utilitarianism" which actually proposed to solve Boston's rapid-transit problem by an elevated railroad across the Common and a central station on the site of the Old Granary graveyard—this utilitarianism was itself "smitten hip and thigh," figuratively and literally buried; car tracks were put under ground in the famous subway; Tremont Street swept clean of tracks and cars; a movement for their reinstatement defeated overwhelmingly by popular vote, and the street then smoothly asphalted; so that now people may pass serenely here and gaze on the sacred memorial yard, burial-place of American immortals. Here on the Sabbath especially there is a sense of wondrous calm and benediction. Here the people, from anywhere on earth, who pass this way, may read the lessons of the record which Boston thus reverently preserves.

This new year of the new century is a fitting time to note such records; a fitting time, as the year's significant anniversary occasions come, to sight back at the way-marks and get our bearings for advance.

ALBERT WINSLOW COBB.

The New "Shamrock" and the Cup.

ENGLAND, Ireland, and Scotland are all represented in the challenger *Shamrock II.*, which will represent Great Britain this summer in the races for the America's cup. The yacht was built by an Irishman with British gold and will bear an Irish name. She was turned out at a Scotch yard from designs by a Scotchman, and Scotch workmen riveted her plates.

Seldom has there been a more striking example of British pluck and persistence than that shown in the quest of the cup which has remained on this side of the Atlantic in spite of the lavish outlay of treasure year after year since the trophy was brought home in the locker of a Yankee skipper in 1851. Of all the men who have come after it none has been more warmly welcomed than Sir Thomas Lipton, of *Shamrock* fame, and Americans have united in toasting him with wishes of every success that will not cause them sorrow. In 1890 the *Shamrock* was defeated off Sandy Hook by the faster American yacht *Columbia*, but Sir Thomas went home in happy spirits and resolved to

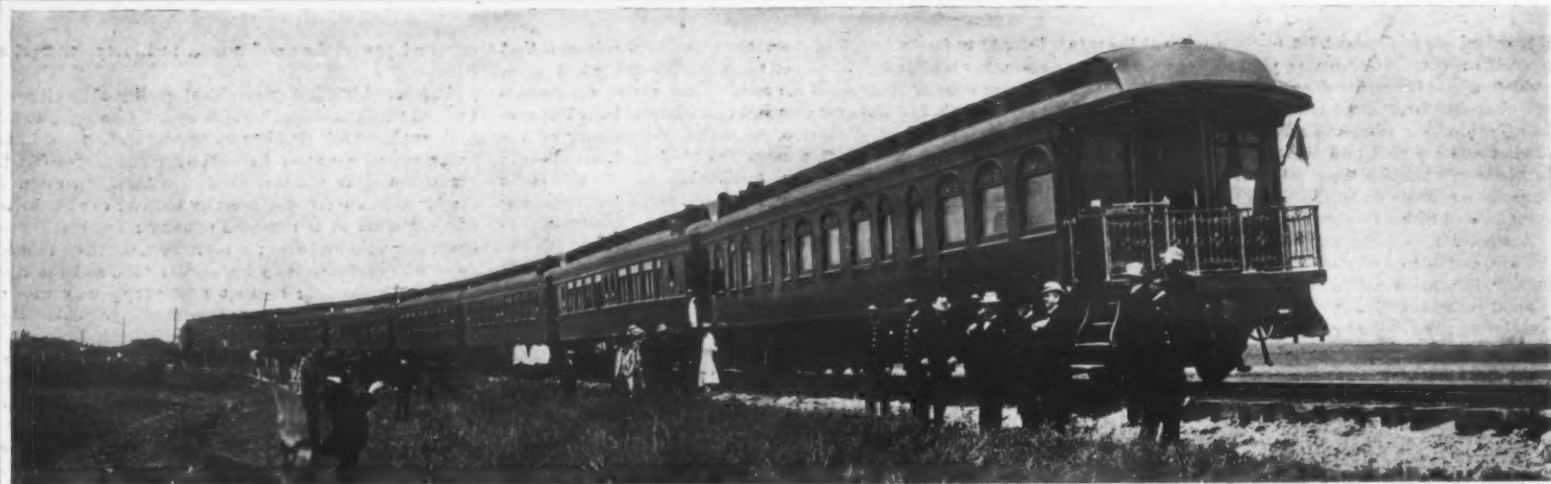
try again. He will come back this summer with a new yacht designed by Watson, which is probably the fastest cup-hunter ever built in Great Britain.

The *Shamrock II.* was launched on April 19th at Denny's yards at Dumbarton on the Clyde and towed to Glasgow. The ceremony was witnessed by Sir Thomas Lipton and many distinguished guests. Lady Dufferin broke a bottle of champagne on the bow and christened the vessel. The crowds of enthusiastic spectators shouted "Hope she'll win!" until they were hoarse, and scores of steamboat whistles screeched an auspicious welcome from the briny waves. The challenger was incased in pontoons as she left the ways, and was floated without a hitch. She was towed to Glasgow, where the pontoons were removed and the yacht fitted for her trial races before she crosses the ocean. Sir Thomas Lipton's guests at the launching included the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Viscount Charlemont, Lord Frederick Blackwood, Lord and Lady Blythwood, Sir James Musgrave, Lord Plunkett, Lord Provost Chisholm, Lord Advocate, the Hon. Charles Russell, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir James and Lady Thompson, Sir David and Lady Richmond, and the Hon. W. J. Pirie and Mrs. Pirie.

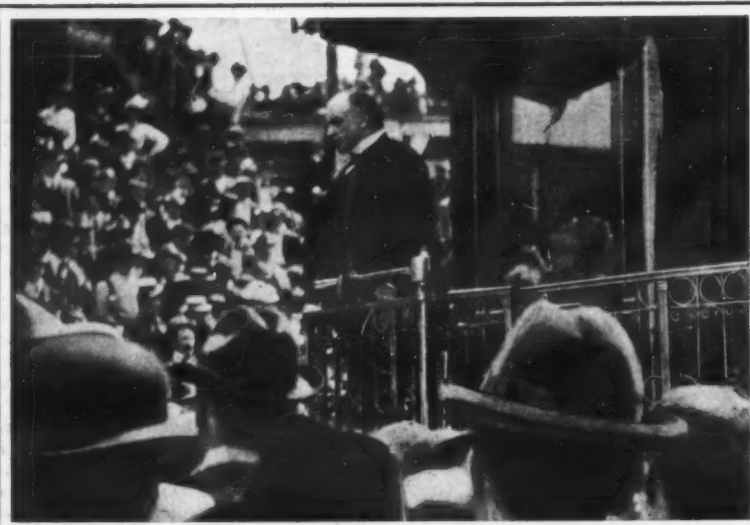
At a luncheon, which followed, Sir Thomas proposed the health of President McKinley, which was drunk after that of the royal family. He paid a tribute to the fairness of Americans, and in a few words, praising Watson, the designer, said: "I think I may say that, apart from the technical excellence of the design, he has turned out a boat which I have every confidence will bring back the cup." The challenger's sail-spread is larger than the *Columbia's*, but smaller than the last *Shamrock's*, being estimated at 13,400 square feet. Her length over all is nearly 140 feet. She suggests the "skimming dish," or "soup spoon" model, but every one admits also that she is probably the fastest challenger ever turned out. The most striking feature of her profile is the fineness of her ends. The extremes fore and aft are drawn out to exceptional lengths, making her water-line deceptive in appearance. Her fin is probably thirty feet at the greatest measurement, with a pronounced rocker at the bottom. Her beam is thrown forward almost into her eyes, and this without doubt is the most pronounced characteristic of the yacht.

The forward deck-lines are carried out full, well into the overhang, and the drawing-in does not start until half-way between the mast and the stem. From the mast it runs aft in an easy curve, and goes out in a long and fine counter. In order to save weight forward, the stem is snubbed off, giving an ungainly look to her nose.

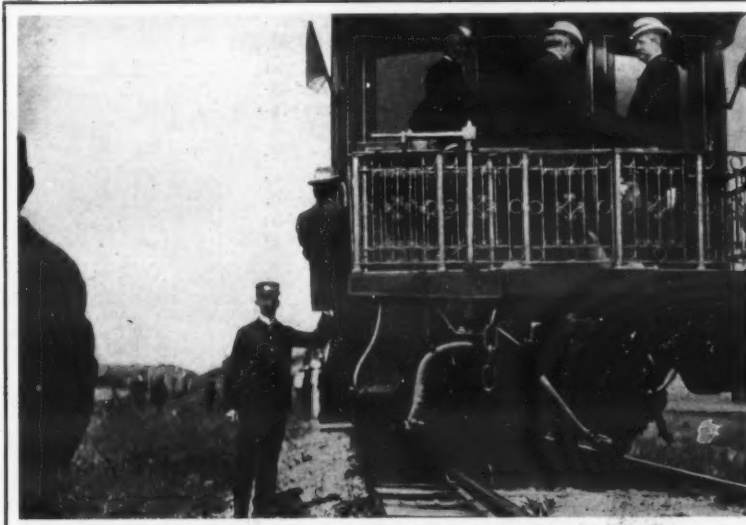
Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge was issued through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and was received by Secretary Oddie, of the New York Yacht Club on October 13th last. A challenge committee was appointed, and a syndicate, headed by August Belmont, was formed to build a defender from designs by Nat Herreshoff, which has been named the *Constitution*. The defender was launched at Bristol, R. I., on Monday, May 6th, and has shown herself to be probably the swiftest yacht yet built to take part in cup races. The cup races will be sailed over the Sandy Hook course on August 20th, 23d, and 24th.



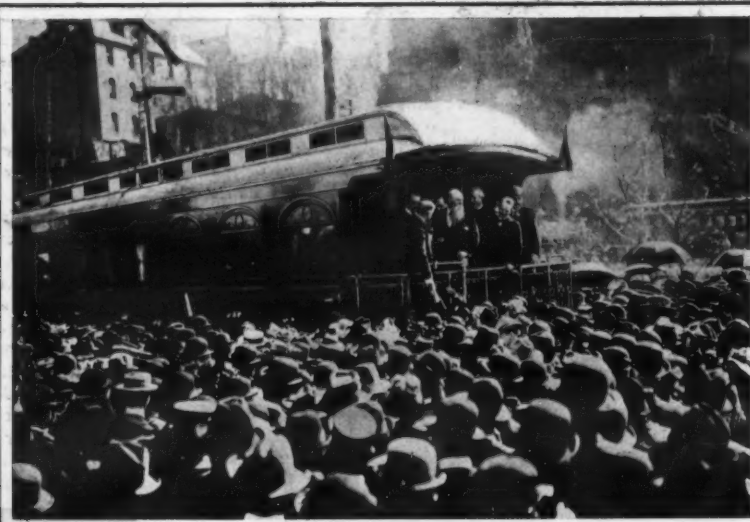
THE PRESIDENT'S SUPERB SPECIAL TRAIN—PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR DECATUR—THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARIES HAY AND SMITH IN FRONT OF THE PLATFORM.



THE FIRST STOP IN MISSISSIPPI—THE PRESIDENT AT CORINTH COMMENDING THE VALOR AND HEROISM OF THE SOUTH.



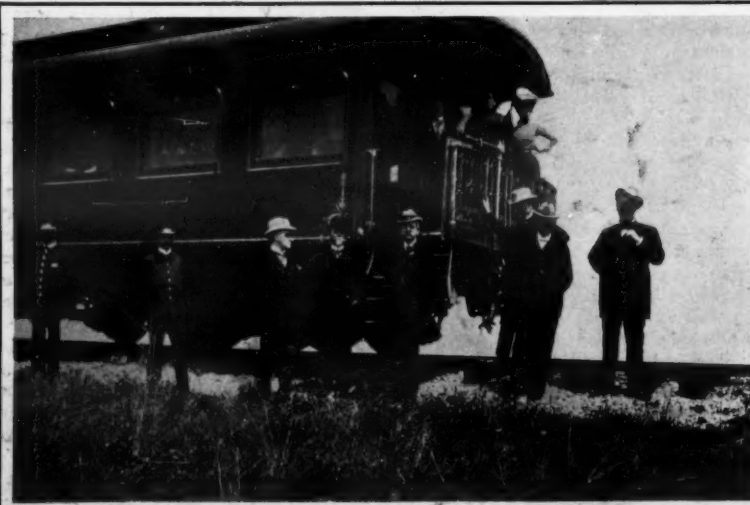
THE START FROM A SMALL TOWN—SECRETARY CORTELYOU ON THE STEPS, AND SECRETARIES WILSON, HITCHCOCK, AND SMITH ON THE PLATFORM.



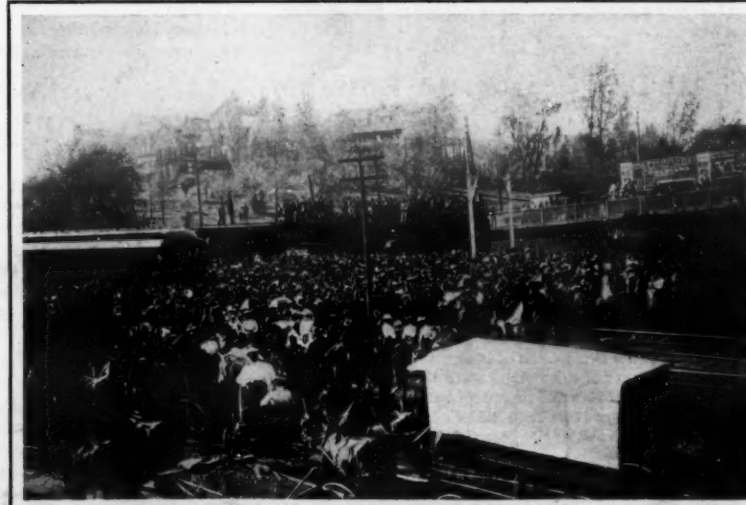
A RUSH TO SHAKE THE PRESIDENT'S HAND AT DECATUR, WHERE THE PRESIDENT SAID: "WE KNOW NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, BUT ALL ARE AMERICANS."



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGING BEAUTIFUL FLORAL GIFTS AT TUSCUMBIA, ALA., AND SAYING: "IN ALL OUR TRAVELING THROUGH THE SOUTH WE HAVE BEEN SHOWERED WITH KINDNESS."



THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE CABINET PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER LEAVING DECATUR—MISS HAY AND MRS. WILSON ON THE PLATFORM.



AT ROANOKE, WHERE THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE GOT LOST IN THE ENORMOUS CROWD—THE PRESIDENT COMPLIMENTED ROANOKE ON HAVING GROWN IN TWENTY YEARS FROM A POPULATION OF A THOUSAND TO MORE THAN TWENTY THOUSAND.

THE HOSPITABLE AND PATRIOTIC SOUTH WELCOMES PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

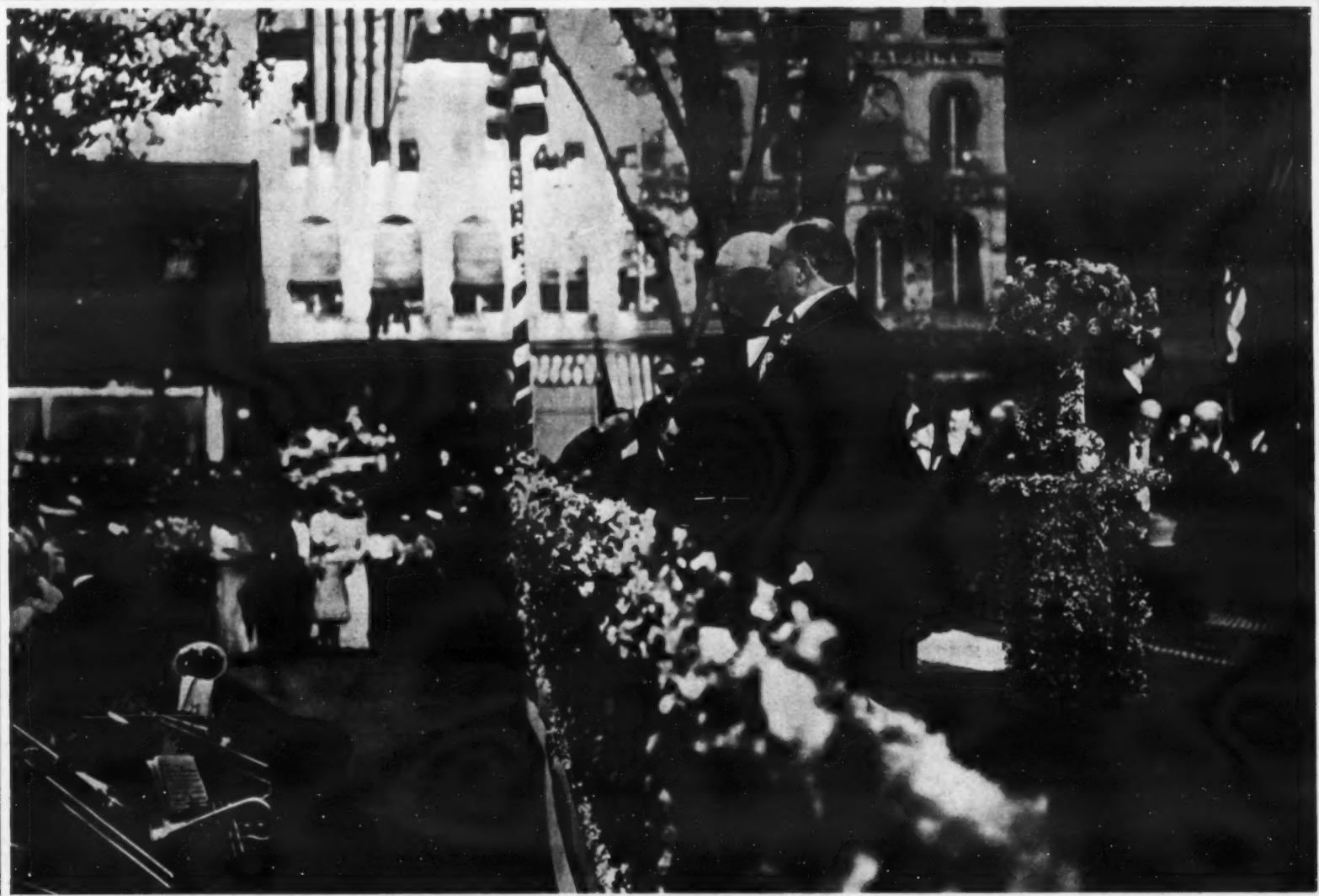
CITIZENS OF ALL PARTIES JOIN IN PAYING RESPECT TO THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF ALL THE PEOPLE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNK, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AT MEMPHIS.

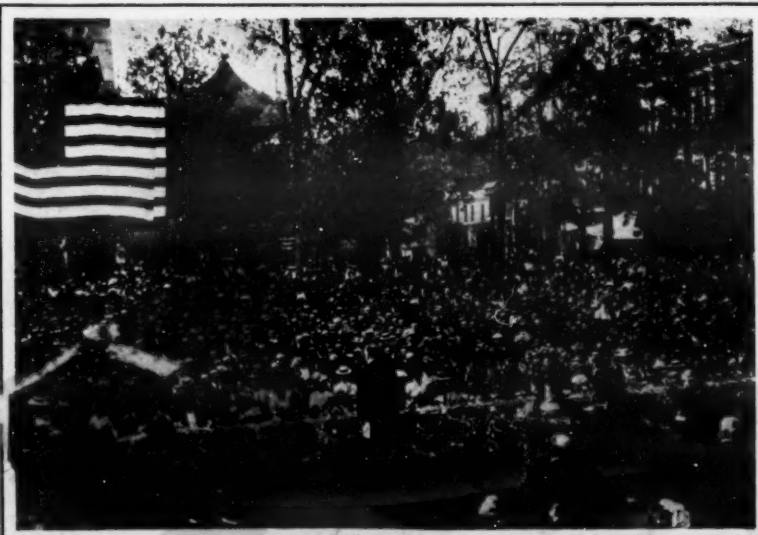


BANQUET TO MRS. MCKINLEY AT THE PEABODY HOTEL, BY THE CHARMING LADIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB—MRS. MCKINLEY WAS UNABLE TO BE PRESENT.

ELABORATE BANQUET TO THE PRESIDENT BY THE CITIZENS OF MEMPHIS, AT THE PEABODY HOTEL—PRESIDENT (X) IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.



MAYOR WILLIAMS INTRODUCING THE PRESIDENT AT MEMPHIS.—“MR. PRESIDENT, THE CITY IS YOURS!”



THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING TEN THOUSAND ENTHUSIASTIC CITIZENS IN COURT-HOUSE SQUARE, INCLUDING MANY CONFEDERATE VETERANS, TO WHOSE VALOR HE PAID A HIGH TRIBUTE.



GOVERNOR McMILLIN AND MAYOR WILLIAMS CONVERSING WITH THE PRESIDENT IN COURT-HOUSE SQUARE.

WIDE-AWAKE AND PROSPEROUS MEMPHIS OPENS ITS DOORS.

ITS PATRIOTIC MEN AND NOBLE WOMEN EXTEND THEIR GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY TO THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

The Awful Reality of the Chinese Executions.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

PEKING, March 15th, 1901.—Most of us are only familiar with executions by the clever word-painting of novelists or historians. Until to-day, often as I have looked upon the grim, gray walls of the Tower of London, I could never in my mind really grasp the meaning of its history of confinement, of torture, and the block. But now that I have seen two hapless men led to the slaughter, watched the gleaming chopper fall, heard the sickening thud, and seen the awful spurt of blood, the head moving as it lay, conscious, one would swear, for a full second after the fatal axe had divided it from its trunk; now, when I look upon the Tower again and listen to tales of execution, I shall always see that head and the pool of blood, the ghastly, headless trunk, with bare shoulders, half-covered with silken raiment, the small, fine hands clasped tight in death.

I heard at the legation that the final act would be accomplished between half-past twelve and two, as the time chanced when the victims had finished their last deeds and made their last farewells. They were to be led from confinement to the board of punishments, received there by the officials, and have their crimes recanted, and then passed on to the fearful ghoul who were, even as I arrived, squatting in animal-like indifference near the mats on which these men were so soon to expiate their crimes. In the executions of romance or of European history the scene is a grim court-yard with battlemented walls, the block in the centre, the grim, masked figure standing proudly hideous, leaning on his axe. Or it is the great public square. A platform has been thrown up, and on it halberdiers, the king's guard, are mounted. Horsemen in helmet and cuirass keep back the surging mob. Places are arranged for the king and for nobles, even for the ladies, and one perhaps will see her lover's head upon the boards.

Here it was the more hideous, the more terrible, as there was none of the pomp and preparation with which the European graced his savagery. It was hideously commonplace, yet brutally true. In a narrow, alley-like part of the great market street which leads to the western gate of the Chinese city, two common mats of straw were lying. On one, carelessly spread, lay a piece of red cloth; on the other a black cushion had been thrown. They were about fifteen feet apart, and by an instinct one felt that the men would kneel with their faces to the rising sun. A battery of cameras had been planted on stands, already focused on the mats. Then the sun was bright, but when the terrible thing happened it seemed dull in the shadow of houses. There was dust from the stirring multitude and lenses were blocked by the eager crowd, and hand-cameras shook in the mass of vibrating humanity stemmed by the horizontal guns of the American soldiers. I had to push roughly through a jam of filthy Chinese to reach the narrow space around the mats where the sinister cameras stood and the few officers and correspondents were strolling up and down or standing in bored groups.

Soon the buildings were lined, on the roof edges, above the gilded poles, the dragons' heads and swinging signs of the Chinese shops. They are but one-story buildings and seldom more than twenty feet from the ground. Officers and privates, civilians and missionaries (we talk of them as a class by themselves), peered down from these vantage points. Gradually, as the time passed slowly, evidently retarded by our impatient and ever more frequent references to our watches, the crowd of officers increased. A platoon of French soldiers stood in an easy row behind their stacked arms. Groups of American soldiers came and went, following the orders of the provost-marshal or his officers. The Germans had been arriving in groups, mounted, in "rickshaws," or from carts. They formed well-fed groups in spotless gray, with glittering brass on their black helmets and shining spurs on their polished boots. Fine-featured dark Austrians, with befurred tunics, passed up and down. Some sturdy Italians formed a group by themselves. Among the crowd of diplomats were weirdly attired correspondents; all suffering from the distance of orthodox outfitters and lacking that experience in "field-kit" which saves an officer from apparent degeneration.

The time dragged on till two o'clock, till quarter past, till the half-hour, and later. I watched the people around me, the crowds up and down the street, and sun shadows rising higher and higher over the mat, over the legs of the assistants, and up the wall toward the paper and glass windows of the shop, where sometimes a man and sometimes a woman looked out. It grew cold in the shadow, and some who had left their overcoats followed the sun. Then we fell to talking of everything but the execution and the delay of bringing the victims. Then some one who had been present on another occasion described a Chinese execution to me. He told me how a string is fastened around the head and face, firmly gripping it; the queue is also grasped by the assistant who receives the head. The victim is forced face down almost to the ground, and while his shoulders are held back the man at his head pulls the neck taut by means of the cord and the pigtail; then the frightful chopper severs the stretched neck with one blow. Very few people observe things accurately, especially when greatly excited, with the emotions thoroughly aroused. I asked him if the victim is kneeling or lying on the ground at the fatal moment. He said "kneeling." One of the first things I subsequently noticed was that the man was lying on his stomach when his head fell.

At last the crowd stirred down the street, and people rushed to their mentally-selected posts, colliding and wrangling for places, to be pushed back into line by the soldiers' leveled guns. Then a pause followed. The murmur passed round that the prisoners had arrived. A solemn procession of Chinese assistants walked down the street to fetch the unhappy men. Then the crowd closed in again, and almost rushed the line of guns. The soldiers barely held it back. Another longer pause followed. I watched the queer wrinkled face of the old animal who was to hold the head. He stood there, ghastly in his blood-bespattered gray clothes, tying a gory yellow apron about his waist. Supreme proof of the Chinese besotted indifference to filth—this bloody apron, like its master, the veteran of a hundred executions—that awful garment splashed with human lives! The old gnarled face had for hours betrayed no emotions. A certain animal pleasure in the warm sun, as he blinked his eyes from

under drooping flesh-pads, was the only sign above an utter unconcern. Now the brute stood straight, with shoulders squared and sleeves rolled back, handling the thin rope that soon would make a noose for a living head and fall bloody from a dead one.

Another terrible creature stood with a beaten-copper basin in his hands. I had never seen his type before in an Oriental. He was an embodiment of Bill Sykes. The snub nose, the bulldog mouth with the great savage jaws, the little slip-like eyes, the head with its gray shave, like a prison crop, and on the scalp an ugly healed-up wound. This creature's queue grew from the tiniest patch on the back of his crown, and the lack of hair ending in this rat-like tail added to the criminal character



THE EXECUTIONER UNSHEATHING HIS TERRIBLE WEAPON.

of his appearance. The heavy muscles of his cheeks and jaws twitched below the drawn skin—the only symptom of restlessness he betrayed. A third creature of a lesser character and frame, a man who perchance was once respectable, stood in a vacant, half-nervous manner, his hands catching a roll of brown paper, from which he unconsciously nipped pieces and put some into his mouth to chew. He stood beside the executioner. With the paper it was his duty to wipe the knife. A young man with



THE BEARER OF THE EXECUTIONER'S SWORD, THE WEAPON SHEATHED IN A YELLOW BAG.

a baboon-like face and a feeble grin held the chopper in its sheath, covered with a yellow bag. The executioner, the least remarkable figure, dressed in a little better clothes, looked a sly, tricky scoundrel, but entirely unlike the preconceived man of death; in no way related to the tall man in the black mask of fiction.

Suddenly a feeling of expectant apprehension took possession of me. I was in the front rank, but six feet from the mat—perhaps the blood would reach my clothes, or spatter my feet. I was glad when the soldiers hammered the line back another yard, with their leveled guns pressed to our breasts. As the mob was fretting and fuming under the restraint, a rapid murmur fixed our attention. Those behind strained on their toe-tips, or tried to climb over us in front. "Here he comes!" The crowd at one end was burst asunder, and a great, strong, elderly

man, tall and burly, with gray hair and mustache, was literally run forward by six assistants, dressed in gray and wearing red tassels in their hats. He was staring at that horrible group and at the mat with a look of awful terror, shrinking back on the pack of relentless men. For an instant he almost struggled, then was borne forward to the mat, where he knelt and was immediately stripped to the waist.

It did not matter what his crimes, I had a rush of pity for this hapless wretch, the victim of ignorance and racial isolation, a bull-headed survival of mediæval prejudice, suffering, as he was, the death he had secured for gentler, better-informed men of his benighted country. I wanted to turn away. I would have given a lot to have it stopped, yet I stood as calmly as if it were a mere show and watched the rope knotted about his face; saw them lay him out full length, face downward, his hands held behind his back, cruel fists buried in the soft flesh of his shoulders, the head caged in the rope and pulled by the blood-bespattered ghoul, and I saw the chopper rise, saw it flash downward, cut clean through the neck, and heard that awful thud of the steel on human flesh and bones, and then I watched the head as one fascinated. It moved! Once, twice, it moved, of its own volition, by the muscles of its neck! For a fleeting moment there was intelligence in that bodiless head; it was the last flicker of the candle of life. Then the head lay still—still as the ghastly trunk, weltering in a pool of reeking gore!

Everything was tumult. Officers, everybody, were a part of this struggling, heaving multitude. It closed around that fearful thing on the ground, breaking past the rifles in a rush to see the next. I lost my place in the front. I was in the fourth rank now, straining to see between heads and over shoulders. This time the man was tall, but gaunt and haggard. "Doped!" the crowd cried, as they saw his senseless hanging head and drooping figure. Truly he seemed past all comprehension of what was happening. Then I lost sight of him. The crowd surged, and its breath came in quick, panting sobs; I could sometimes see the red tassel of an assistant's hat, then I saw the chopper gleam, and heard the sickening thud and the sharp "Aw" from the crowd. Chi-Hsin first and afterward Hsu-Cheng-Yi had given up their heads in obedience to the imperial decree. Part of China's atonement to the world had passed into history.

Some mounted their horses and hurried from the scene. A few soldiers seized the bloody rope and divided it as relics of this gory feast. Others begged buttons from the dead men's clothes, which the assistants handed out smilingly, like nuts or sweetmeats! Some tore or cut pieces from the silken robes. I stood a little away from the pool of blood and sketched the head of Chi-Hsin. Already that greenish pallor of death had settled beneath the skin. Then I pushed through the crowd to the other body. These human vultures of the law were performing a ghastly kindness to the dead. With bloody fingers the creature of the yellow apron was sewing on the floppy head that rolled and tumbled, unwilling to be reunited! Others held the trunk, and scores of Chinese gazed fascinated by the terrible scene. He would not be quite headless in the other world.

Then I realized that we were in the centre of a seething mass of coolies, the dregs of Peking, drawn by this gruesome holiday show. The soldiers began to drive them back, butting them with knees and guns till at least a breathing space was afforded the few of us who remained. At one time I feared a riot, but there were no weapons in the crowd, and, after all, they are a timid people, though savage and cruel in their ignorant isolation. A party of Jap soldiers were coming; the rant of their marching-bugles heralded their approach. They had been the guard of those things that lay on the ground. I fell in beside a petty officer at the rear and marched with them through the mob out into the broad, open street, where still the sun was shining, its slanting rays tipping the tall, red plumes of the funeral-bearers, who were grouped around two immense, common, unpainted coffins.

As I marched behind the sturdy little men of the Mikado I saw the scenes of last summer. I saw the mangled forms of men in just this uniform by the mud-wall at Tien-Tsin; I saw their rows of dead by the wayside after Pei-Tsan; the bloated corpses of newly-relieved Peking were before my eyes. I am sated with these bloody sights; my senses crave a rest. I want to see the peaceful villages and drink in the nectar of fresh air in God's country. It is my silent prayer, when blood has paid for blood, that we may have a long and holy peace!

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

The Man Behind the Pen.

MORNING, evening, early and late,
Rain, or sunshine, or snow,
Behold our friend of the fourth estate
In the hives of Newspaper Row!
Who so tireless day by day?
Who so modest of men?
Who so young, tho' his head be gray?
The man behind the pen.
Headache, heartache, merry or sad,
True to his chosen trust,
Recording the deeds of the good and the bad,
Gentle, generous, just.
Happy-go-lucky, fond of good-cheer,
Little to show for it when
He balances books at the end of a year—
The man behind the pen.
Popular idols! Children of fame!
Which of you pauses to think
That most of the glory encircling your name
Was born of printer's ink?
Towns turn out—the people shout
With rapture ecstatic—ah, then
Remember the wizard who brought it about!
The man behind the pen.
Morning, evening, early and late,
Rain, or sunshine, or snow,
Behold our friend of the fourth estate
In the hives of Newspaper Row!
Who so tireless day by day?
Who so modest of men?
Who so young though his head be gray?
The man behind the pen. MAGNUS IYERAGH.

Our Soldiers in the Arctic.

FORT ST. MICHAEL, ALASKA, March 7th, 1901.—We have constantly before us representations of our army serving in the tropics, broiling suns, with humidity and malaria at a maximum, unsuccessful attempts to keep cool and comfortable, and of numerous other trying circumstances. Very little attention has been given to that part of the army faithfully doing its duty under a climate and circumstances no less rigorous and disagreeable, and where a supreme effort is spent in endeavoring to keep warm.

Alaska was an old story years before the battle of Manila Bay. Interest has lately been revived as a result of finds of rich mineral deposits and of the fabulous tales told thereof. The vastness of the country, the inrush of miners, traders, and sharpers, the absence of any strong regard for personal and property rights and of a well-organized and applied civil government—in fine, the generally unsettled state of affairs existing in every new country, and in which the right of might and force is the only power recognized by men, individually or in combination—led to the introduction of troops into the Territory and the erection of Alaska into the Military Department of Alaska, with headquarters at Fort Saint Michael, on Norton Sound, in January, 1900. Brigadier-General George M. Randall, United States Volunteers (colonel Eighth United States

the noise of trains and general bustle, has long been a necessity in Hamburg. The traveling public, natives and foreigners alike, has long since expressed a desire for a really modern house, with moderate charges and "home comforts" undiscoverable in the antiquated inns which have dominated Hamburg in the past. The new manager of *Streits Hotel*, Mr. Steinecke, has supplied both wants with recent innovations and practical additions. With the aid of clever architects and fashionable decorators he has managed to produce an exemplary hotel, with an equitable tariff. *Streits Hotel* enjoys an exceptional reputation throughout Europe, and America as well. A very favorable location—its entire front facing the "Alster Lake" and boulevard—is in itself a "drawing card." It is an ever new and fascinating attraction to view from our window the nautical scenes on the expansive lake and the playful steamers bound for the picturesque suburbs which line the Elbe. Within all arrangements point to a high degree of excellence and cheeriness. Assembly rooms of various descriptions offer ease to those seeking rest and a view from the large windows on the kaleidoscopic scenes outside. The dining rooms have held many a royal feast, for its cuisine is "a feature," and not a few local celebrities worship Epicurus at these well-appointed tables. Beyond this is a semi-Oriental court, a tropical pavilion, a bistro of a parlor, if you like, for large double doors connect this with the "American parlor" and writing salon, all in a semicircle, as it were, until we find ourselves again in the grand lobby and telephone office, porter's lodge, and reception office in front of us. But the internal arrangements of *Streits Hotel* also deserve particular mention. Not alone does it maintain a famous cuisine, but its service has often caused favorable comment and eulogistic praise in the press. From the manager down to the porter and his staff, every one is a graduate in politeness, and ever willing with that courteous air peculiar to German discipline. The commercial ethics of Hamburg has established a standard for other cities in Germany to follow. The business honor of this Hansa town is above all criticism, and is duly reflected in the absolutely correct dealings of *Streits Hotel*. Your bill will be according to a well-defined and graduated tariff, without extras. You may dine off its excellent menu, or lose yourself among the inferior restaurants of the town. The charge is precisely for what you get, and nothing more. This exceptional rule

most favored spot and diagonally across from the great Central Station, Friedrichstrasse, with every conceivable surface accommodation, from the familiar "Droschke" down to the electric street railways, "busses, etc.," passing the main entrance. The monumental building, commanding three streets and an open plaza, with its many windows looking out on all creation, as it were, is absolutely quiet within.

The *Hôtel Continental* is of baronial dimensions. A picturesque lobby, resembling in a measure the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, leads to the grand stairs, worthy, indeed, of the name in its widest sense. The romantic parlors and public rooms to the left, furnished and arranged in a truly artistic style, are almost always crowded with the élite of Berlin society. The interior fully justifies the pretensions of this palatial house. With isolated exceptions there are front rooms only—high, airy, and cheerful, replete with every modern convenience, and a faultless service. Unlike many hoteliers, Herr Adlon is now a gentleman of means, and the *Hôtel Continental* is his hobby. Together with his clever associate, Mr. Klicks, an ideal host, they cater to a representative clientèle whose chief aim appears to make of the *Hôtel Continental* a sort of aristocratic rendezvous for society from near and far. In a future letter I shall refer to the exceptionally hygienic and sanitary arrangements, which insure absolute health and contentment to the guest of this house.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Grand Monuments on the Rhine.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, May 1st, 1901.—The mute eloquence of grand monuments, such as the Dome of this city, tell the story and wonder of bygone centuries. Ages teeming with history, with contentions and strife of empires and clans, the result of which has often dyed the Rhine red with human blood, have passed over this town, yet these historical walls, beautiful spires, this grand monument to religion and art, has survived them all, and greets the traveler, now as of yore, with paternal gentleness. Nationalities of diverse denominations, and from all parts of the habitable globe, ascend the majestic steps of this grand Dome, and enter the lofty interior, beautiful and impressive beyond description. Small, indeed, is the greatest of us as compared with the grandeur of the Heavenly Architect who has selected and inspired His favorite sons to personify thus the majesty of religion. In the wonderful nave of almost overawing beauty have knelt tens of thousands, from Emperor downward, in humble supplication, and the strife of irreconcilable chieftains has often been suspended for a brief consultation with conscience and God. There are many other sights in this capital of the Rhine valley, every corner of which teems with mythology and history. Near the picturesque docks, and the old part of the town in particular, a visitor to Cologne will meet many unsophisticated natives in their quaint and naive dress of a century ago. Industrious sight-seeing, and the nervous haste of the average American to finish a tour like this in a day or two, soon reminds our weary limbs of a comfortable shelter. Luckily there can be no question on this score in Cologne, for the *Hôtel Dieck* is entitled to our first choice, both by location, architectural arrangement, and generous provisions. It is by all odds the leading house in this town, and the leader of the cult in the Rhine valley.

The *Hôtel Dieck* is of the baronial period—of grand proportions, roomy, and liberally provided in all departments. It requires but a look into the grand driveway and the court beyond—the broad corridors full of rare furniture carved in oak and rosewood, the high, airy dining-rooms, from the pretty and cozy breakfast-room to the grand salon with its picturesque arched ceiling, and the Juliet balcony, intended for the orchestra—all indicates lavish expenditure, artistic taste, and baronial grandeur. The cuisine is really a "feature," for it is of the Rhine school, which is famous in epicurean history. The different marketable products are nowhere better, nowhere in greater variety, than in this section—from the world-renowned Rhine salmon up, or down, to I know not what, perhaps the yellow-legged chickens which used to be so dear to the gourmet appetite of a visiting Methodist clergyman. But its *pâtisserie* will particularly interest our lady traveler, to say nothing of the large assortment of really choice Rhine wines to be found in the vaulted cellars of this opulent house. There are many interesting chapters yet to be told of the *Hôtel Dieck*, but which, for want of space, I must perforce leave to a future letter.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Americans in Munich.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MUNICH, April 15th, 1901.—The old order changeth, yielding place to the new; if it were not so there would be no progress. The moving finger of destiny merely writes a new name on the slate, to change it whenever the psychological time has come; and the latest addition to modern comforts in this most agreeable of towns is, as I have pointed out in a former letter, the *Bayerischer Hof*. Munich has clearly taken a step forward, and although it cannot compete with Berlin in variety and martial grandeur, it is by all odds the richest town in variety of historic landmarks and quaint shows. He who comes to the Bavarian capital ought to leave cares behind. This is essentially a place of serenity and good-cheer, with an atmosphere "to love thy neighbor as thyself," and there are a goodly number of neighbors who are both lovable and loved. The Munich burgher, as a rule, attends to his own business, is industrious at beer-drinking, and in spare hours occasionally looks to the improvement of his town. The whole of Munich is a paradise, full of interesting light and shade and living pictures, to say nothing of very valuable, aye, almost priceless, pictures in oils which have accumulated in her noted galleries. These attractions have gradually spread abroad and increased travel hitherward. This, in turn, has increased hotel comforts, and several opulent houses have grown up of late, with the *Bayerischer Hof* leading. It would be difficult, indeed, to name a similar house in Berlin containing a greater variety of comforts or such a reasonable tariff. It is built on a royal scale—large, airy, and cheerful, with an eye to the picturesque, in harmony with Munich's international reputation, yet on such a sumptuous scale that if it were situated in a more extravagant city it could not possibly pay any dividend on the large investment. The visitor to this house is sure to meet with lavish comforts. The halls and assembly-rooms on the ground-floor are large and almost extravagantly furnished, yet ever on lines of harmony and good taste. The bed-rooms, often with bath-rooms attached—uncommon in southern Germany as yet—are airy and full of light and cheer, and all of them most agreeably furnished. The best of modern contrivances, the latest tricks and newest inventions in light, heating, lifts, messenger service, etc., has been applied in its construction, and from the moment of our arrival until our departure we feel, indeed, quite "at home." The cuisine is remarkable for its great variety, for the suburbs of Munich produce sufficient produce to market the greater portion of Germany. Here, too, will be found the best of meats, together with a high-class menu. In spite of the fact that Munich is essentially a beer town, the *Bayerischer Hof* carries a long and valuable list of choice wines, frequently rare and old, for the proprietor is a wealthy man and can afford it. This hotel, too, has a private line of busses, with conductors who speak fluent English, and meet all arrivals and departures at the train. The traveler need but call aloud for the "bus," hand the conductor his check, and he is sure to find his luggage awaiting him in his room. A uniform rate prevails in this hotel, devoid of extras, which are usually the terror and annoyance of traveling Americans.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Author's Secret.

FOOD THAT BROUGHT BACK BUOYANT HEALTH.

NEWSPAPER writers have a time of it to get the right kind of food to nourish them. One of this profession who writes for a Boston paper says: "From the first Grape-Nuts Food worked like a charm. My stomach had been failing to digest ordinary food, and my nerves were completely unstrung. I was about to give up work while preparing a series of articles for the press, but by a stroke of good fortune they began to feed me on Grape-Nuts. My strength gradually returned, nerves became steadier day by day, and I soon found I could do more office work with greater ease than ever before."

"There came to me that feeling of buoyant health and satisfaction with my work and satisfaction with myself. In short, I felt that life was worth living and that I was 'girded up like a strong man for a race.'"

"In my opinion, Grape-Nuts is the one perfect article of food invaluable alike for those that are sick and those that are well." W. S. Gidley, Author of "Happy-Go-Lucky Papers," "The Landlord's Story," etc.

It is a fact that Grape-Nuts Food does supply the brain and nerve centres with the elements necessary to rebuild, nourish, and maintain. That brings health, strength, happiness, and the feeling of buoyancy Mr. Gidley speaks of.



Major R. G. Ebert, surgeon, U. S. A., chief surgeon; Major G. S. Bingham, quartermaster, U. S. V. (captain and quartermaster, U. S. A.), chief quartermaster; Captain W. P. Richardson, Eighth Infantry, acting assistant adjutant-general; First Lieutenant Howard R. Hickok, Ninth Cavalry, aid-de-camp; Captain W. A. Bethel, U. S. A., acting judge-advocate; Captain E. S. Walker, Eighth Infantry, acting chief commissary; Major Frank Greene, U. S. V. (captain and signal officer, U. S. A.), signal officer. Major W. F. Tucker, paymaster, U. S. A., chief paymaster; Brigadier-General G. M. Randall, U. S. V. (colonel Eighth U. S. Inf.), commanding; Captain H. E. Tuthery, First Cavalry, acting inspector-general.—From left to right.

WHERE KHAKI GIVES WAY TO FURS—BRIGADIER-GENERAL RANDALL AND STAFF AT THEIR WINTER QUARTERS IN ALASKA.

Infantry), a well-known and popular officer of ability and wide experience, was assigned to the command. To assist him, an able staff was detailed.

The duties of the troops in the department are those of troops in all new countries—opening and preparing the way for settlement and for the establishment of civil law. The daily routine of garrison life is the same here as elsewhere, with roll calls, drills, fatigue, target-practice, and so forth, as modified by climatic conditions. The summer is short, and navigation, the only dependence for supplies, lasts barely four months. All the necessities of life, even coal for fuel, must be brought from the States, 3,000 miles by ship. Great expedition must be made to prepare for the long night of winter, when the rivers and seas are frozen and communication with the outside world is cut off, the time of gales and blizzards, when the sun is above the horizon only two or three hours daily, when the mercury in the thermometer disappears, and the days are cheerless and a spirit of isolation and loneliness prevails. Such conditions of service must be and are met with uncomplaining submission.

H. R. H.

The Next World's Fair at St. Louis.

ALMOST before the echoes of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo have died away the clanking of hammers will be heard at St. Louis, where the erection of buildings for a world's fair on a scale of first magnitude to celebrate the centennial of Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon in 1803 will begin. The site of the exposition will be chosen, probably at the next meeting of the national commission to be held at St. Louis in June. As yet, except for the creation of this committee of members of Congress shown in our photograph, and the local preparations at St. Louis, the scope of the new exposition has not taken shape.

A proposition has been made to vary it somewhat from the usual routine of world's fairs by having it show more of history and processes and less of products, and depict the advancement and development of the great territory whose purchase it is intended to commemorate. A great horticultural display is proposed, as well as large electrical, educational, and fine-art departments. Another feature talked about is an exhibit showing the types of people in the country at the time France evacuated it, and the changes that have taken place since then. St. Louis has started out to have the greatest exposition the world has seen, and with its well-known enterprise there can be no doubt that the result will reflect credit on one of the foremost and most prosperous of American cities.

The Latest in Hamburg.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

HAMBURG, April 8th, 1901.—A really comfortable hotel in the very heart of this great seaport town, and yet far enough removed to escape

has made it famous, and as a result it is often overcrowded, particularly on steamer arrivals from America.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

The Kaiser's Drive.

For hours before he appears thousands gather in front of the *Grand Hôtel de Rome unter den Linden*, and while away an hour in idle speculation. The march of Germany's picked guard may be heard from sunrise to sunset, invariably accompanied by good music. All this can be seen from the windows of the *Grand Hôtel de Rome*, surrounded by every comfort and extravagance of modern furnishings. There are handsome parlors and picturesque reading-rooms, scrupulously clean and fresh, possible only under the ever-vigilant eye of German discipline. There is also a very handsome restaurant—a continuation of dining-rooms—in Louis Quatorze style, with an inexpressible air of quiet content. The service is of a high intellectual standard, equally disciplined, and every waiter a picked man. Herr Mühlberg, whose name is familiar in international culinary circles, and who has tickled the palate of royalty, and also of England's aristocracy, creates marvels at this hotel. It is customary for select little parties from Berlin's upper 400 to give entertainments at "Mühlberg's," for, barring two or three similar houses, this hotel has a rare wine-list, both in quality and quantity. Replete with all the attractions provided by modern science and procurable for money, the *Grand Hôtel de Rome* is almost always crowded with the crème of tourists, who desire a select and thoroughly well-appointed retreat, a house where every servant speaks your language, and with a tariff both equitable and just, and no extras. It is an Anglo-American club, as it were, in the capital of Germany.

The Berlin Epicures.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

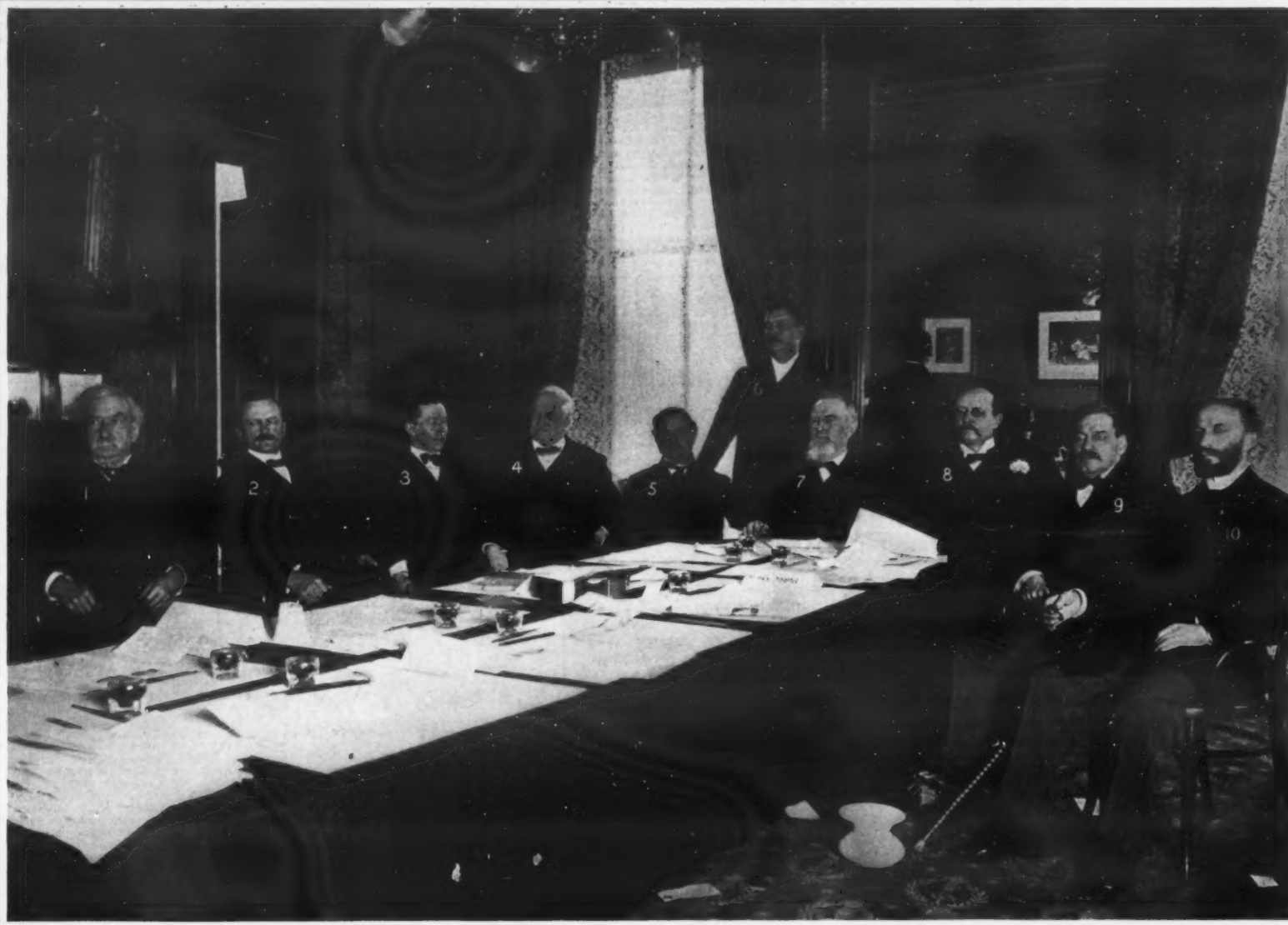
BERLIN, April 20th, 1901.—The King of European Hoteliers, or, to do him justice, the leader in the profession anywhere, Mr. L. Adlon, he



HERR L. ADLON.

HERR H. KLICKS.

whose masterly genius has induced the cream of society (from royalty downward) to come from distant lands to live in the newly reconstructed *Hôtel Continental* and dine at his epicurean table, has been favored possibly as no other has been before him by the nobility and society of both continents. Mr. Adlon is now the only surviving member, I believe, of the great caterers who have made Berlin famous at the close of the last century, and whose genius has not only captivated the epicures of Europe, but his name is equally familiar in America. Amidst the surprising progress which has elevated Berlin under the present Emperor, no hotel is more acceptable to the aristocratic tourist than Mr. Adlon's sumptuous and palatial *Hôtel Continental*, situated in the



1. John F. Miller, Ind. 2. Philip D. Scott, Ark. 3. Martin H. Glynn, N. Y. 4. William Lindsay, Ky. 5. John M. Allen, Miss. 6. Joseph Flory, Mo., secretary (standing). 7. Thomas H. Carter, Mont., President. 8. John M. Thurston, Neb. 9. Frederick A. Betts, Conn. 10. George W. McBride, Oreg.

PREPARING TO CELEBRATE AMERICAN EXPANSION BY A WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

THE NATIONAL COMMISSION OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE COMMISSION IN SESSION AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, ST. LOUIS.—[SEE PAGE 485.]
 Photograph, copyrighted 1901, by George Stark, St. Louis.



RENT-DAY IN BLACKVILLE.

CHEAPER TO MOVE THAN TO STAY—AN EPISODE IN THE NEW SOUTH.—From a photograph, copyrighted 1900, by Knapp & Bro., Knoxville, Tenn.

THE BURNING TRAIL.

By BRUCE HARRIS WARK.

HOMESICKNESS and hardship had reduced to hundreds the thousands who started from Edmonton over the indefinite, interminable trail to the Klondike. As summer advanced, shortage of provisions, the threats of Indians, and the hopelessness of the outlook had caused nearly all these to strike the home trail. There still remained twenty-five or thirty souls who would not quit even a losing game, but with mechanical persistence kept their faces to the north. Each night, as they unpacked their horses, they turned them loose that they might wander through the forest and pick from the scant herbage of this northern latitude the sustenance that was to furnish strength for the next day's march.

Of this small remaining band a party of five bearded men, with a pack train of seventeen horses, were laboring up the ravine toward the summit separating the Finlay and Liard rivers. They had just herded their horses on the trail and stopped on the banks of a large stream for consultation. This was deemed necessary, for to the natural difficulties of the trail was now added that of fire. For several days before they had noticed far ahead, on the mountain side, a gradually increasing cloud of dense black smoke, and had prayed in their hearts either that their trail would lead up another ravine, or that they might be favored with heavy rains. But the weather continued dry and hot, and the path led up the fateful pass. The wind, too, shifted, and as the smoke cloud approached, it rose higher and higher against the sky, bluing the neighboring mountains until they had the appearance of great distance. As it thickened, these were lost to view, and the mountainous sides of the ravine assumed the startling appearance of a formidable storm-cloud. Overhead the sun, shining in an otherwise clear sky, took on a blood-red hue. Yet they toiled patiently on until they came to the banks of the creek, on the other side of which could be heard the sharp crackling of burning spruce and the occasional crash of a falling tree. It was clearly a time for decision and action.

"Well, what are we going to do, boys?" asked Mac. He had spent nearly all the forty-five years of his life in the woods as bushman and stream driver, and should be prepared to act in any such emergency, but on an occasion as momentous as this he did not want to take any steps without the approval of the company.

"Shall we camp by this creek, or shall we take chances on getting through the fire on the other side?" he asked again.

"We're not safe here," said Henderson. "With the wind that is blowing, this creek is not wide enough to stop the progress of the fire. Besides there is nothing for the horses to eat, and even if we saved ourselves by staying in the water until the fire passed, we would be far from any grass that may be beyond the fire belt. Hadn't we better travel while our horses have strength?"

Even as he spoke a tree that had been burning on a cliff but a short way up stream fell down the side. The wind caught up the sparks and carried them to the dry wood beyond. Almost immediately the tiny flame crept to the dried spills of a jack-pine, and with a rushing roar a sheet of flame shot twenty feet above the top of the tree.

"No, we can't stay here," agreed another. "The fire has already crossed. But what is there on the other side?"

"That is what we must find out," said another. "And every minute is precious. Mac, suppose you and I take a quick trip along the trail on the other side of the creek and see if it is a practicable proposition."

It was agreed that this was the best suggestion, so while three remained with the horses in the suspense of inaction, the two waded the creek and disappeared in the smoke on the other side. There was some little trouble in catching up the trail beyond, for as animals in fording streams come out at different places on the other side, there was a network of little paths where they had struck into the timber. These gradually converged, however, into one main trail, and along this the two men hurried. For a time progress was easy, but the smell of burning spruce became stronger and the occasional puffs of wind were laden with heat from the fire.

As they came into a small opening, they saw before them through the smoke on the right the lurid gleam of the flames as they licked up the scrub willow and fallen spruce. On the left an encroaching wall of flames was surely closing in, and through this narrow gap ran the trail. They hurried through and beyond, but before, behind, and on both sides the flames snapped and roared. They went a short distance in the stifling heat and dense smoke, then stopped.

"What do you think?" asked Mac, shortly.

"Believe we might make it if we lose no time," was the answer.

"Good. Let's go back."

They sped back through the rapidly narrowing gap and were soon with their companions.

"Well?" they were greeted.

"Come on with the horses quick and we may get through. Don't let them stray behind, but keep them close together."

The horses were quickly hustled into line. Mac, going in front, led one horse, while the remaining sixteen were driven in strings of four by each of the men. They came to the narrowest part of the gap, where barely ten feet was free from the flames, and the heat and smoke were almost unbearable.

"Don't get too far ahead, Mac," shouted the second man in line, but his warning came too late. Leading his

horse by a halter he had traveled faster than those being driven, and passed through the smoke and flames before the next string came up. A horse will be led or will follow where it is impossible to drive him, and this thought occurred to the second man, now that his lead horse had not the example of the one in front. The horse came up to the fire and hesitated. It was a moment of great anxiety. Their fate depended on the horse's action. Should he balk and stampede the rest would follow, the packs would catch fire, and horses and provisions would be lost. With these gone, what hope remained for the men?

It was an even chance. The man caught up a stick and, with a shout, threw it at the lead horse. The stick struck him fair, and, accustomed to this method of receiving his commands, he walked deliberately between the flames, the fire singeing the hair on his fetlocks and tail as he went. Calmly the other horses followed in line, none escaping without the marks of the flames. Soon the trail was absorbed by the flames on one side and it became necessary to find a way over the fallen trees. With the eye of a practiced pathfinder Mac led his horse around and over these obstructions in a circular direction, so as to strike the trail ahead. With the intelligence peculiar to pack animals the horses followed the lead.

He soon struck the trail where the fire had not yet reached it—perhaps because of the boggy nature of the ground. It was so soft that those going before had thrown sticks over the quaking mass to afford firmer footing for the animals. Over this improvised bridge he started, but the horse was heavy. He stumbled over the rolling sticks, took a misstep, tried to save himself by a mad plunge, sank in the mire and rolled helplessly on his side. It was a common occurrence to have a horse bemired, but this was an unfortunate time for delay. With the desperate curses of over-tried nerves Mac urged the horse to an effort to extricate himself. Instead of responding he threw his head back in the mud, rolled his eyes, and groaned in his helplessness.

"We've got to unpack him. Give us a hand here, one or two," Mac cried, now in cool resignation.

The second and third man hurried forward.

"Of course, the cinch hook is underneath," cried one in disgust as he threw himself recklessly in the mud and tugged wildly at the ropes. Then he took the hunting-knife from his belt and cut the cinch rope, and, tearing loose the sling ropes, tossed the packs indiscriminately about in the mire. Then, while one clawed in the mud with his hands to release the horse's fore feet and straighten them out before him, another caught the horse's tail and a third braced himself behind the pack-saddle and all together rolled him to a position where he could help himself. With a heavy pull on the halter and a stroke from a stick behind, the horse made another plunge and reached the firmer ground. Then the packs were gathered, the cinch ropes quickly knotted, and the repacking began.

In the meantime the two remaining members were endeavoring to keep the horses in position behind. They saw the trail was blocked, but did not know the cause and tried to control their impatience until the string would move on. Minutes that seemed like hours dragged by. The fire closed behind them, and on the side the greedy flames caught the dead timber and blazed hotly.

"Oh, why do they not move!" moaned one, with all the intensity of condensed anxiety. This waiting in inaction is what breaks the courage of brave men.

The lead horse was quickly packed and more sticks were thrown over the bog, and the pack train again moved forward. Before they had gone fifty yards, they found what the delay had cost them. The fire had closed in front of them. There was no retreat. On one side was a level flat, impassable by reason of fallen timber and tangled undergrowth. On the other side a steep bank rose to a table-land above. Its sides had been swept by the flames. The ground was still smoking and the fallen trees were blazing fitfully. The choice lay either ahead or up the steep bank. While one man started ahead through the thick smoke to see if the trail was clear, another scrambled through the hot ashes to see if a path might not be found up the hillside. The others herded the horses, surrounded by the crackling flames.

"Oh, why don't you do something?" shouted one from the rear who had resolved to be cool, but who was condemned to inactive waiting.

In a few moments one man dashed back, his perspiring face streaked with ashes and his eyes filled with smoke-drawn tears.

"No chance ahead," he coughed. "The smoke is so thick you can't see, and the burning trees have fallen all over the trail."

"Start the horses up here," shouted the man from near the top of the hill. "There seems to be no fire on top, and it looks like our only chance."

With the infinite relief of decided action, the men in waiting started the pack train up the side of the hill, one going ahead with an axe to cut obstructions from the path. The faithful animals struggled nobly under their heavy packs up the steep grade. A cheer from the first man as he reached the level, encouraged the others. Soon after the last of the horses and men reached the top, and were grouped together in the clear air. The sun blazed down on the smoking ashes. The blackened stubs of trees stood all around, and not a green thing was left to refresh the eye.

"We are safe from the fire here," said Mac, "but there is not a blade of grass for the horses. We must not lose

time, but get beyond the fire belt. Let's tighten the cinches and start on."

The horses, weak from sustained effort, were lying down under their packs, and were with difficulty kept on their feet. Owing to their plunging on the trail behind, and the hill climbing, the packs were loosened and one-sided. The men forgot their own fatigue as they proceeded to set them straight and cinch up. When this was completed, one went forward clearing a trail and the others followed. After a period of winding around or jumping fallen trees, they found that this elevation was but a point of land, and they had reached the other side. The green trees in the ravine below seemed to indicate that they had passed the fire area. The bank was almost perpendicular and several hundred feet high, so it was necessary for one to look up a trail. In a short time they heard him shout from the bottom:

"Start them down, leading to the right, and follow my blaze marks. Be very careful, for it's mighty steep."

They started their slipping, stumbling descent. The packs were a heavy strain on the animals on this downward trail, and the poor beasts groaned with pain at each plunge. On reaching the bottom, they wormed their way through the dense undergrowth, and in time struck the trail again at right angles. Here and there among the trees were a few blades of grass. The horses broke from their line and began an eager picking.

"Why can't we camp here?" asked one who was ready to quit. "There's more grass here than I have seen in two days, and if we go on we may get in the fire again, and goodness knows when we will strike more grass."

"There's not enough grass here to feed a canary bird," objected one who still had some strength left. "Besides, it's not a safe proposition. The fire may clean us out any time, and what is more important, there's no water here. My throat now is as dry as a piece of birch bark."

A vote was taken. Three said go on; two said camp. The horses were brought from their browsing back into line and the march was resumed. For nearly a half-mile the way was clear. Then appeared signs of fire, and soon they were in the midst of it again.

"There, we told you what you would find if you went on," said one of the minority to Mac, who had urged further progress.

Mac dropped his halter strap, and telling them to wait a minute, disappeared ahead in the smoke. In a few minutes they heard a shout from ahead:

"Oh, Henderson, come here!"

Alarmed for the safety of his friend he dashed through the burning trees. Soon those behind heard an exultant shout, and a minute later Henderson sprang into their midst with a yell, his soot-grimed face lighted with joy as he shouted:

"Oh, boys! not more than two hundred yards ahead, the air is clear and the sky is blue. The creek runs beside the trail, and about a half mile farther you can see the clear, blue water of a lake. Boys, it looks like heaven, but," he finished dramatically, "you've got to go through hell to get there."

A chorus of yells greeted this announcement.

"We'll have to lead the horses one by one," said Mac complacently, as he came upon the scene. "The whole woods is on fire, and the ground is covered with live coals, but we've got to do it. We'll have to make a dash straight ahead until we're nearly to the end, then turn sharp to the left to avoid a mire hole. Then we're through. Henderson and I will take the first horse, as we have been over the trail."

While Mac took up the halter, Henderson got a switch to keep the horse on a run, and as they started, he supplemented a series of wild yells that the horse might forget his fear of the flames which roared all about him. A shout of triumph announced the first safe passage, and Henderson returned alone, leaving Mac on the other end. Henderson and Tom took the second. Back and forward through the furnace of flames they dashed in wild exhilaration, and each trip another horse was landed safely at the goal. Each face was begrimed with perspiration and charcoal, and the iron nails in their thick-soled shoes burned their feet from continued contact with live coals.

Then Henderson laid off and Tom and Murray made the trips, but Ed, the "kid" of the party, with a courage and unselfishness superior to the others, volunteered to stay back in the smoke and herd the remaining horses. Soon, with the last horse, he ran the fiery ordeal.

"This is heaven!" he exclaimed, as the entire group of men and horses rested once more in clear air.

"Well, let's get into camp quick," was the timely suggestion.

This time, there was no dissenting voice. One dashed down to the stream, and selecting a place where the water rushed over a sand bar, he struggled through the current.

"Here's just the place," he shouted from the other bank. "This is an island, and the fire can never reach us. There seems to be good picking for the horses, and here's an ideal place to sleep."

So many conveniences were rarely found in one place, and the horses were started for the last time that day on their tiresome march. Down the bank they went, and into the current, where they stopped long enough to drink deeply of the cool, refreshing water.

But the men never rested a moment until the packs and saddles were removed from the horses. After a preliminary shake, the tired animals eased their itching backs by rolling on the gravel bar, with many satisfied grunts. "Where's Ed?" asked some one a few minutes later as the crowd fell to the few remnants of food left over in the kitchen box.

"Oh, he's found a patch of grass down here, and has driven some of the horses over to it, and is watching them eat. He seems to have forgotten it is ten hours since he had breakfast."

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

By MARION MAY.

To Dante.

Thou solitary wanderer on earth,
Thou daring pilgrim through the realms unseen!
Thy vision of the shame and anguish keen
Of souls undone, their restless woe and dearth,
Thine upward toil upon the cleansing mount,
Thy flight sublime through heavenly worlds as bright
As Beatrice's smile, thy goal God's light,
Thy pain intense, thy bliss beyond account,
Have made thy song a message to us all.
Through thee we see the fearful doom of sin,
With thee made pure we moral freedom win;
Thy voice from age to age doth sweetly call:
The tireless victor over all that mars
Is Love that moves the sun and all the stars!

J. E. C. SAWYER.

Treatment of Children in China.

WOMEN the world over are deeply religious, and Chinese women are not an exception, and it is but natural that Chinese mothers seek in every possible way to protect their children from harm; hence their so-called religious practices, which we term superstitions. The Chinese are unwilling to talk about their customs, and knowledge is largely gained by intimate friendliness in their home life. Were it not for women missionaries, this knowledge could not be obtained, nor could instruction of better methods or relief to the suffering be given.

To frighten away evil spirits and protect her child, the mother uses every method known to her. There are supposed to be hordes of evil spirits in the home at the birth of every child, and, to drive them away, red candles are lighted. It matters not whether the birth takes place by day or night.

A babe is washed on the third day after birth, usually with hot water. A new-born babe is sometimes rubbed over with raw eggs, and not bathed until three months old. A woman forty-seven years old stated that she had not been washed since she was a baby. On the thirtieth day the heads are shaved. This, with the wealthy, is a time of elaborate ceremonies and feasting, while the poorer class copy as far as their means will allow. For a boy there is a birthday feast every ten years. To protect the child from evil spirits, a baby is sometimes clothed like a priest and decked out with innumerable charms. One queer fancy is to attach a bit of lamp-wick to the clothing. As boys are most desirable to their parents, they are supposed to be most under the eye of evil spirits, and a baby boy is clothed in girl's clothes, and given a girl's name, to deceive those spirits. Often they are treated with harsh words and blows, to assist in that deception. This is done in love, for the Chinese, as a rule, are very fond of their children, both boys and girls. Superstition, however, is the cause of much cruelty. The mother is told by a cruel fortune-teller that her child, usually a girl, is inhabited by a demon. Then it becomes the duty of the mother to beat, starve, and even put her child outside the door. The faces are blackened, even hands cut off, to drive away the demon. The child is left to die outside the house, as the mother, believing in transmigration of souls, fears this demon child will be re-born to her.

A. H. R.

How a Spanish Senorita Set Fire to an American War-ship.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

THE fortress had surrendered two days before, and its governor had promised to deliver up all munitions of war, but he had failed to keep his promise, so a war-ship had been sent to bring him to terms.

The governor was brought on board and informed that he was a prisoner, to be held as a hostage until the terms of capitulation had been fulfilled. After vehement expostulation he begged that his family might join him on board, as it would be impossible to collect the munitions for several days, and, in the meantime, his wife and children would be in danger of maltreatment by disaffected employés.

A boat was sent for the governor's family. It was a dismal day, with rain pouring down in torrents. They came at last, drenched to their skins; the wife, two grown daughters, and three young children. As they clambered unfamiliarly up the steep side of the battle-stripped ship, the younger officers gathered to their assistance, but the haughty Spanish dame and her two proud beauties ignored all overtures from their enemies.

The prisoner guests were given the lower, or admiral's, cabin, then vacant, and they closed the door between themselves and their captors in a most emphatic manner.

I had the watch that night from midnight to four in the morning. It was moonlight and beautiful, and our distance from the scene of hostilities gave me a feeling of security which, though permitting no relaxation of vigilance, was restful. The watch was drawing to a close, and I was gazing upon peaceful, moonlit tropic hills and congratulating myself upon a night without alarms, when the marine orderly rushed toward me, exclaiming:

"The ship is on fire, sir, somewhere in the lower cabin!"

I sprang down the ladder, the orderly at my heels. Smoke was seeping out over the cabin transoms on all sides. It rolled thickly into my face as I lifted the heavy cabin portière.

The electric lights were burning, and I could see, dimly, members of the governor's family strewn around on cush-

ions, sleeping soundly despite the heat and suffocation. Volumes of smoke poured from a state-room door. I strode toward it, but the orderly restrained me with a whispered expostulation:

"There's a young lady asleep in there, sir!"

I shook him off and stepped inside. On the uncovered bunk lay the governor's eldest daughter, clad only in a scanty *camisa*, sleeping face downward, with her head on her pretty bare arms. That vision of dainty feet and ankles, of graceful arms and tress-veiled shoulders, made me forget the fire until I realized that the orderly was dragging something down from the ceiling. Then I saw how a Spanish maiden had almost destroyed an American war-ship.

Unable to turn out the electric light in the ceiling fixture, and wishing to shade her eyes, the ingenious señorita had wrapped her stocking tightly around the lamp, thus demonstrating how a fire can be produced, as well as extinguished, by the use of hose.

As we dashed water against the burning ceiling, some drops splashed upon the señorita's shoulders. She sprang up and crouched far back into a corner of the bunk, embracing her knees with her arms. I attempted an apology and explanation in my best Spanish; then, suddenly realizing the poor girl's embarrassment, I retired in much confusion.

I hastened after the orderly to secure the bit of charred hosiery as a memento of the occasion, but that soulless man-at-arms had thrown it into the sea.

JOHN M. ELLICOTT.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY CRADLE IN THE WORLD.

The Cradle Ready for a Future King.

ITALIAN, and more particularly Roman, society is looking forward to the birth of a future Prince of Naples, and, in anticipation of the happy event, Queen Margaret has sent to Rome the historic cradle in which King Victor himself was rocked to sleep when a baby. The cradle was presented to Queen Margaret by the city of Naples in 1869, when Victor Emmanuel III. was born. It is said to be the most costly and beautiful piece of nursery furniture in the world. It is of beautiful carved wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, coral, and tortoise-shell, and embellished with lava and shells engraved with cameos.

What Women Want To Know.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused in Roman Catholic circles in this country over the announcements that are expected from the Congregation of Rites, now meeting in Rome. It is generally expected that a decree will be issued prohibiting women from singing in the choirs of Roman Catholic churches. Should this be done, it will deprive many of these churches of a highly attractive feature of their services. Certain Roman Catholic churches in New York, for example, have gained a wide reputation among lovers of good music because of their superior women singers.

After a persistent fight extending over two years or more a law has been enacted by the New York Legislature which, it is expected, will abolish some flagrant abuses arising out of a loose interpretation of marital vows and obligations. According to the new law marriage, when not solemnized by a clergyman or a civil or judicial officer, is to be made binding by a written contract bearing the signatures of the contracting parties and at least two witnesses, which parties and witnesses must acknowledge

the same before a notary public, and the contract must be recorded in the town or city clerk's office within six months after the ceremony, where it is provided that a book shall be kept for the entry of such contract. The new law is regarded as only a stepping-stone to a still more binding statute.

One of the most famous of very modern doll houses is the one given to the children of Edinburgh hospital by the King of Siam. In all his travels, so said the soft-spoken, gentle-faced Oriental, nothing else moved him and appealed to him as did that pathetic crowd of white-faced, suffering children; so he went back to London and took counsel with English friends. As a result of this consultation a \$500 doll house went to the Children's Hospital at Edinburgh, with the compliments of the King of Siam.

The good "bringing up" which the daughters of the late Queen Victoria received at the hands of their royal mother is shown in the fact that all of them were taught some really useful occupation. Princess Victoria, for example, is an expert bookbinder. Only a few months ago she received prizes for several book covers sent to an exhibition in the name of "Miss Matthews." Only after the prizes were awarded was the true name of the exhibitor known. Another example of the serious tastes of the princess was demonstrated when she took up the study of nursing some years ago.

According to Dr. Brudenell Carter, an English physician, the vision of children who live in towns is restricted in range and power by the fact that they are seldom able to see long distances. The other side of the street is about as far as they have the opportunity of using their sight, while country children have an expanse of landscape before them, and are also able to practice their sight on an immense diversity of objects, such as hedgerows, flowers, birds, insects, etc. It looks as if mothers and nurses ought to be constrained to take their charges where the vision would become strengthened by practice over long distances, so that the girls might grow up with keen eyes for the delicate duties which fall to them, and the boys be better able—among other things—to shoot.

The extraordinary preparations being made in Rome to welcome an expected heir to the throne extend not only to the provision of the most costly cradle in the world, described elsewhere, but also to the selection of a nurse who shall be as near the ideal, physically and otherwise, for a baby's caretaker as the kingdom affords. The Princess Venosa has been commissioned to secure this highly important personage. We are informed that the princess recently went to Venosa to interview a group of applicants, accompanied by a committee of experts consisting of a physician, a surgeon, and a photographer. A part of the test for fitness was an X-ray examination of the applicant's bones. The woman selected was required to sign an undertaking that she would not see her husband or any member of her family for two years.

No law enacted by the New York Legislature at its recent session embodied a larger measure of justice and wisdom than that authorizing women tax-payers in villages and towns to vote on propositions to expend money for public purposes. The new law provides that "a woman who possesses the qualifications to vote for village or for town officers, except the qualification of sex, who is the owner of property in the village assessed upon the last preceding assessment roll thereof, is entitled to vote upon a proposition to raise money by tax or assessment." This measure does tardy justice to a large class of persons who have hitherto suffered heavy burdens of taxation, and have had no representation. It is excellent as far as it goes, but why it should not apply to women property-owners in the cities as well as in the villages and towns, we fail to understand.

Copies of "Leslie's Weekly" Wanted.

COPIES of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are desired to complete our files and we will be glad to compensate those who will send to us issues of LESLIE'S WEEKLY of the following dates: January 20th, 1898, No. 2210; May 12th, 1898, No. 2226, and July 21st, 1898, No. 2236. The papers should be addressed: "Manager, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York."

DULL care and doleful faces do not abide with the user of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

That Little Book,

"Babies," issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

Transformations.

CURIOUS RESULTS WHEN COFFEE DRINKING IS ABANDONED.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued, and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

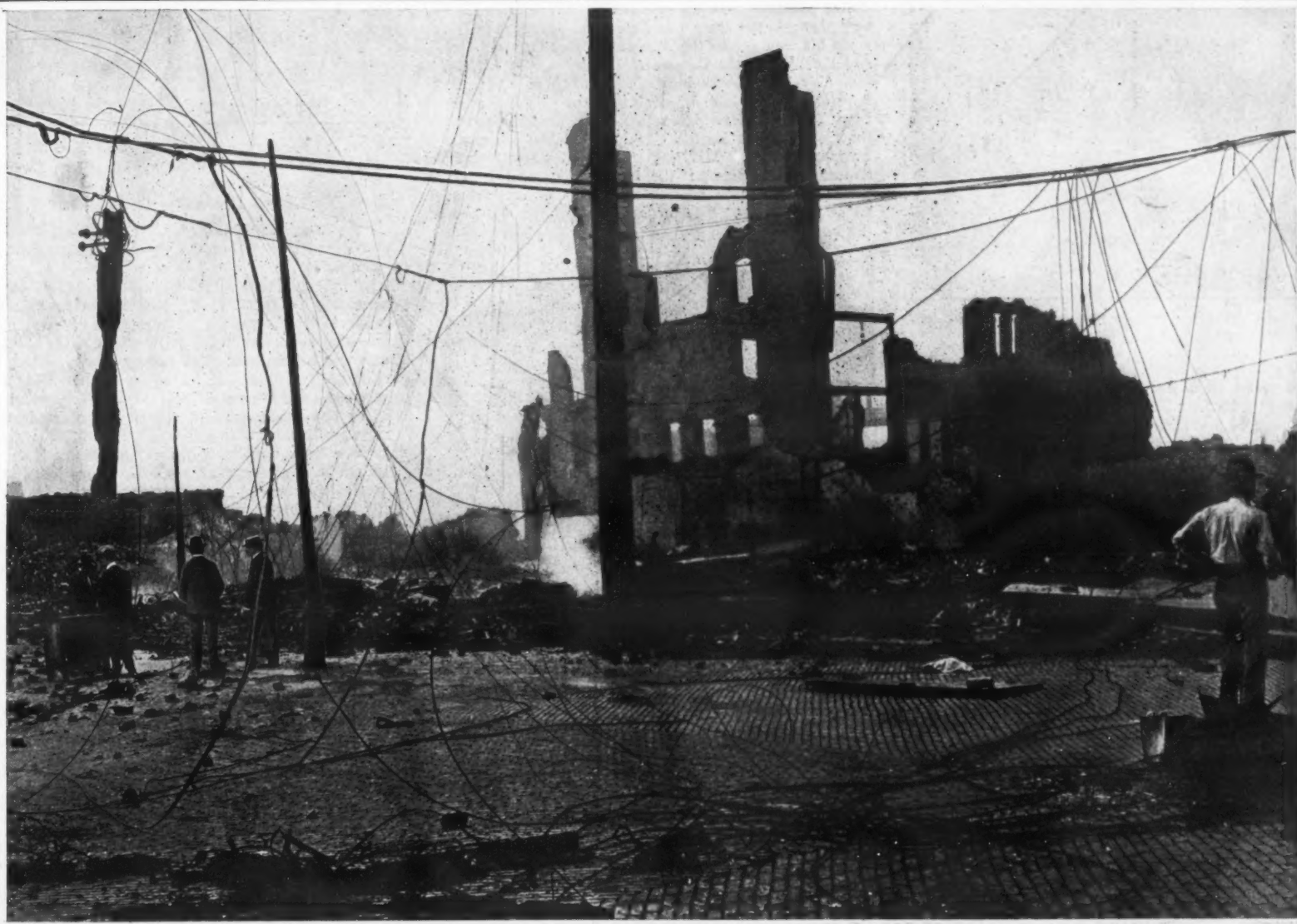
It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.



ST. JAMES PARK—RUINS OF THE ST. JAMES AND WINDSOR HOTELS IN THE BACKGROUND.



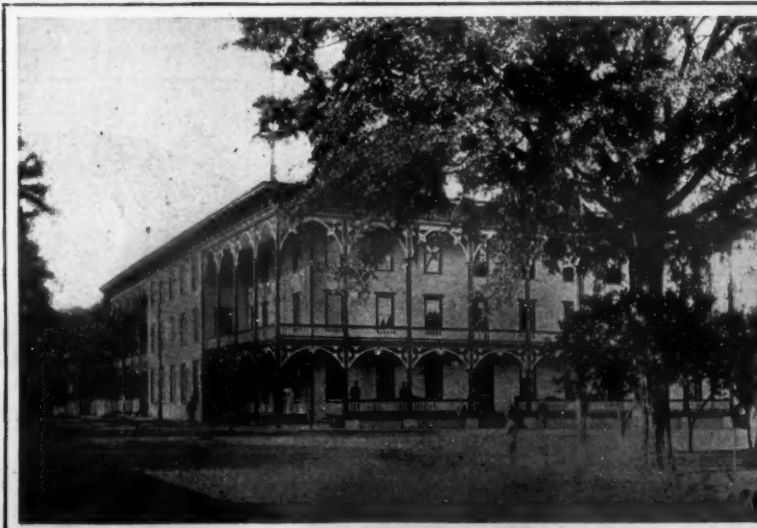
RUINS OF THE CITY BUILDING AND AUDITORIUM, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM MAIN AND FORSYTHE STREETS.



DESTRUCTION WROUGHT IN THE HEART OF THE RETAIL MERCANTILE SECTION—RUINS OF THE HUBBARD AND FURCHGOTT BUILDINGS, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.



THE NOTED ST. JAMES HOTEL, A POPULAR WINTER RESORT, COMPLETELY DESTROYED.—*Photograph by William H. Rau.*



THE WINDSOR HOTEL, WHICH WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND. *Photograph by William H. Rau.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA'S CHIEF CITY, SWEEPED BY FIRE.

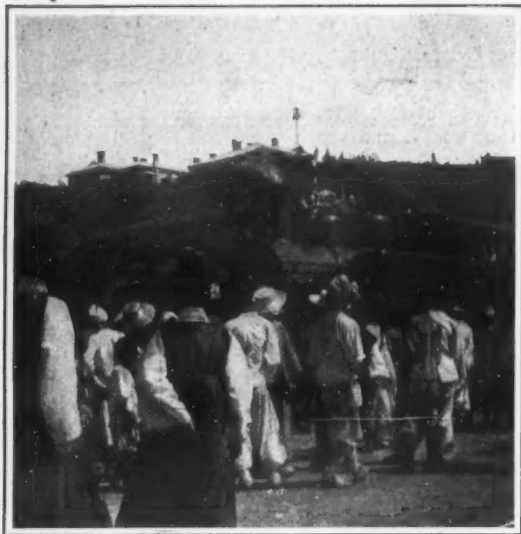
A LOSS OF \$11,000,000, INVOLVED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF 1,300 HOUSES, LEAVING 11,000 PERSONS HOMELESS IN A FEW HOURS.
FIRE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY W. W. BALL, JACKSONVILLE.

NEWS AND VIEWS.

(Photographs of interest, with brief descriptive matter, accepted for this department, will be paid for at the rate of \$2 each.)

American Engines in Korea.

THE kingdom of Korea is a little country, measured according to Asiatic standards, with an area about equal to that of Kansas, but it occupies a position of great strategic value on the eastern water-front of Asia, and the struggle for possession of its seaports is almost certain to end in the immediate future in a bitter war between Russia and Japan. Up to the year 1895, Korea was under the suzerainty of China, but by the treaty of Shimonoseki, executed in that year, China was compelled to relinquish her claims to overlordship, and the Hermit

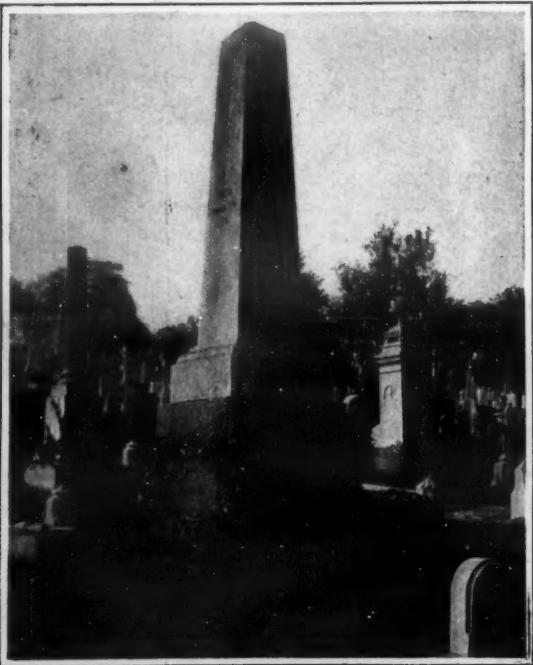


FIRST AMERICAN ENGINE AT CHEMULPO, KOREA.
Photograph by Helen Lewis, Vancouver, B. C.

kingdom has since been under the domination of Japan. The latter country, with her well-known energetic and progressive tendencies, has endeavored to bring Korea into the current of modern civilization and has succeeded to some extent. Many reforms have been introduced, such as the payment of taxes in money instead of in grain, cattle, or other commodities; fixed salaries for government officials; a reduction in the number of leeches attached to the public treasury, and an effort toward the introduction of order and economy in the departments of state. A large element, however, exists in Korea akin in thought and crusted conservatism with the Chinese, and the reform policy has been strictly opposed with the result of retarding progress to a lamentable degree. Up to a very recent date the facilities for travel and transportation in the interior of Korea were wretched in the extreme. No roads existed worth mentioning, and all transport in the interior was carried on by porters, pack-horses, and oxen. But several railroad concessions have been granted within the past four or five years, and telegraph and telephone lines are in process of construction in all parts of the country. The first railway was built by an American syndicate, and completed in 1899. It runs from Chemulpo to Seoul. In our photograph we have a view of the first engine "firing up" on the tracks at Chemulpo preparatory to its maiden trip: The locomotive is of American make, the forerunner of many others of similar pattern now to be found on railroads in the Orient.

The Grave of Lincoln's Assassin.

OUR picture shows the grave of John Wilkes Booth, who on Friday, April 14th, 1865, assassinated President



GRAVE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH AND HIS CHILDREN.
Photograph by F. Grenewald, Baltimore, Md.

Lincoln at Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street, Washington, D. C. The story of that awful tragedy has often been told. The theatre was crowded at the time, and all present were enjoying the performance of the comedy, "Our American Cousin." During the third act, while there was a temporary pause for one of the actors to enter, a sharp report of a pistol was heard, and the next moment a man leaped from the President's box to the stage with a long bowie-knife in his hand and shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!" The assassin then disappeared behind the scenes. The piercing screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed that the President had been shot, and many persons rushed toward the stage exclaiming "Hang the assassin!" Booth had entered the President's box a few minutes before ten o'clock, and, approaching the President from behind, placed the pistol at the back of his head and fired. The President's head fell forward, his eyes closed, and he became unconscious. He was removed to a house nearly opposite the theatre, but never regained consciousness, dying the next morning a few minutes past seven o'clock. Booth, making his way through the stage door, mounted a fleet horse and made his way across the Anacostia to eastern Maryland, and thence over the Potomac. He was discovered about four o'clock on the morning of April 26th, in a barn near Port Royal, Virginia, by a detachment of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry. He refused to surrender and was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett, and died about three hours afterward. His last resting-place is situated in Greenmount Cemetery; the cemetery is located in the northeastern section of Baltimore, in the family burial lot of the Booths. The unmarked mound at the foot of the monument is the grave of John Wilkes Booth.



"CAUGHT ON THE FALL."
Photograph by H. A. Morton, Portland, Me.

An Old Landmark Removed.

THE scene represented in the above photograph was one stage in the process of demolishing the old Grand Trunk passenger station in Portland, Maine, an old landmark of fifty-years' standing. The train-shed was cut straight down through at the ridge-pole, and one-half the roof and one wall removed. When ready to tear down the front end, immense hawsers were made fast to the corner and centre pillars, and the other end fastened to a powerful freight locomotive, and the underpinning pulled out from under the front end at once. The camera caught the fragment just about half way in its fall, or a fraction of a second before the outside corner struck the ground. What appears like steam in the photograph is the dust made by the falling bricks and mortar.

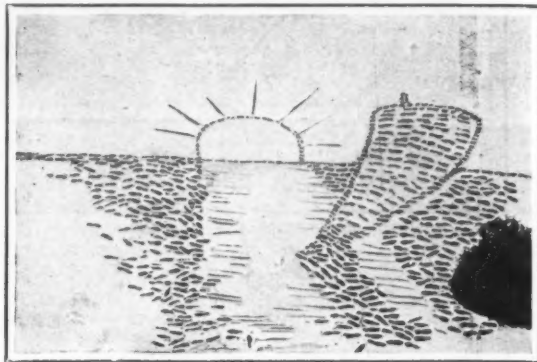


A MAGNIFICENT HEDGE OF ROSES AT REDLANDS, CAL.—Photograph by George H. Beeman, Los Angeles.

A Hedge of Roses.

SOUTHERN California has no charm more potent for the average visitor than its abundant and luxurious rose gardens. This sunny land seems always to be in festal

array, always in the midst of what one may call, in the parlance of the theatre, a continuous performance, with Mother Nature in her sweetest and happiest moods as the star performer. It was an old wit who defined heaven as a flower-garden fenced around with pretty girls. As both flowers and pretty girls are indigenous to southern California, and nowhere so abundant, it would not be difficult to construct celestial abodes in quantity in this joyful land. Our illustration shows a hedge of "Gold of Ophir" roses in Cañon Crest Park, Redlands, Cal., taken April 20th, 1901. A careful estimate gives an approximate number of 800,000 roses in this hedge. The soil of Redlands is peculiarly adapted to the growth of roses, and their luxuriance and high coloring are unequaled in any other places. This hedge is ten feet high and seven hundred feet long.



FOOTPRINT PICTURE IN THE SNOW.

Photograph by Norman Alliston, Kamesburg, England.

Footstep Drawing in the Snow.

THE photograph given above shows a rather crude picture, but, considering the circumstances under which it was made, perhaps a too lofty standard of criticism need not be adopted. The seascape represented—the setting sun, a somewhat choppy sea, and a junklike yacht bending to the breeze in a golden pathway of waning sunlight—was simply walked out in the snow! The photograph was taken from a top-story window, looking down on the picture at a slight angle, which has been rather disastrous to the general symmetry. The ground occupied by this original endeavor measured about forty feet by twenty-five. On the right is a bush, and, running along the lower portion, a garden path swept of snow.

Given a good sense of proportion and some artistic aptitude, this novel diversion might be made to produce many interesting pictures in snow footstep-drawing. The example given must be regarded as the rough experiment of an unpracticed foot. It was devised, designed, and carried out by Norman Alliston.

To Amateur Photographers.

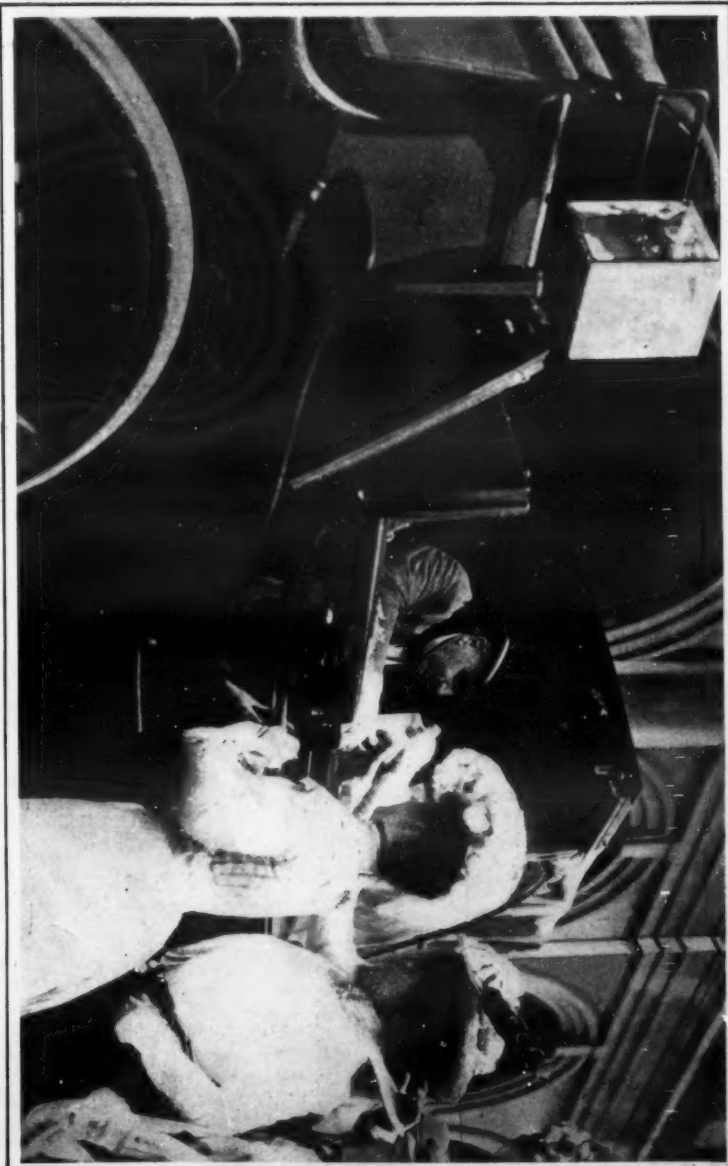
LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always

A NOTABLE DEMONSTRATION IN NEW ORLEANS MARKED BY A RECEPTION IN THE HISTORIC CARLIDO, WHERE FRENCH SOVEREIGNTY WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE UNITED STATES NEARLY A CENTURY AGO. PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUEN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

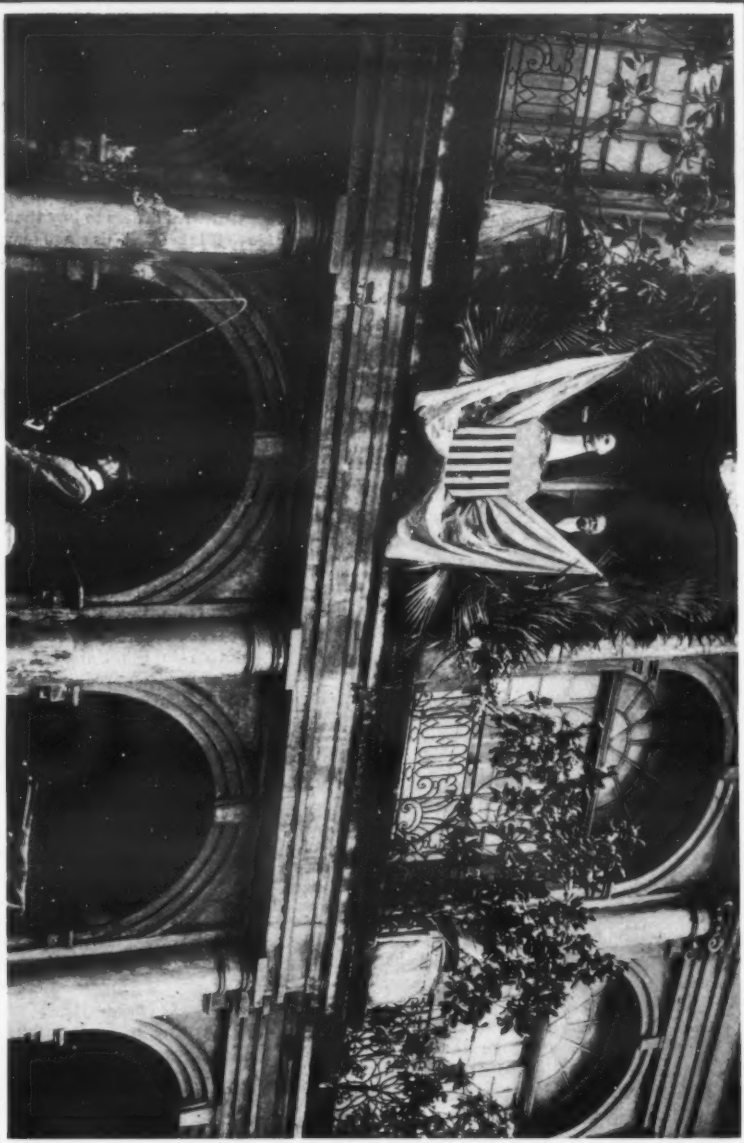
THE PRESIDENT'S WELCOME AT NEW ORLEANS BY CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DRIVES THROUGH NEW ORLEANS, ESCORTED BY A SQUADRON OF CAVALRY.



GRACIOUS GREETING TO THE PRESIDENT BY SOME OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF NEW ORLEANS.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, WITH PROFESSOR FORTIER, ADDRESSING A VAST MULTITUDE FROM THE FRONT BALCONY OF THE CAPITOL, IN NEW ORLEANS.



THE PRESIDENT'S WELCOME AT VICKSBURG, WHERE HE SPECIALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THE CORDIAL GREETING OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI CORDIALLY GREET THE PRESIDENT.
A NOTABLE DEMONSTRATION IN NEW ORLEANS MARKED BY A RECEPTION IN THE HISTORIC CAPITOL, WHERE FRENCH SOVEREIGNTY WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE UNITED STATES NEARLY A CENTURY AGO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, H. L. DUNN, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

\$350,000

Milwaukee Electric R'y & Light Co.

6% Preferred Stock.

Authorized and Issued \$4,500,000.

Dividends payable quarterly,
February, May, August, November.

The Company was organized under the laws of the State of Wisconsin in January, 1896, and has acquired and now operates all the street-railways and electric-lighting plants in the City of Milwaukee, Wis., having consolidated six street-railway companies and three electric-lighting companies. There are in all 139.99 miles of single track. The shares are listed upon the New York Stock Exchange, par value being \$100. After payment of all fixed charges the company earned last year sufficient to pay Preferred dividend more than twice over.

Price and special circular on application.

Spencer Trask & Co.,

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Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Capital (full paid) . . . \$1,000,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$700,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check.
Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and takes general charge and management of Property.

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OIL AND SMELTER!

The Union Consolidated Oil Co.

with over 17,000 acres of valuable proven oil lands, and a monthly production of 3,400 barrels.

EQUIVALENT TO OVER 2% MONTHLY
on the entire amount invested in its stock; the

Standard Smelting & Refining Co.

with its plant of 250 tons capacity now under active construction in Yavapai County, Ariz., to be completed and in operation in August, promise larger dividends and immediate profits than any mining or industrial investment now before the public. We are Fiscal Agents for eight mining Companies, of which

4 Are Paying Regular Monthly Dividends.

The Union Consolidated Oil Company will begin dividends in May, and The Standard Smelting & Refining Company, as soon as its plant is in operation in August, the other two rapidly approaching a dividend-paying basis. A limited amount of the stock of the former Company is offered at 17 1/2 cents per share and of the latter Company at 40 cents per share, both full paid and non-assessable; or the two

In Combination at 55 Cents Per Share.

Prospectus of each Company, latest reports, subscription blanks and full particulars on application.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

Members New York Consolidated Stock Exchange,
66 Broadway and 17 New St., New York.

BRANCHES:

Cleveland, "The Cuyahoga" Building.
Boston, "The International Trust Co." Building.
Philadelphia, "The Betz" Building.
Chicago, "The Fisher" Building.
St. Louis, "The Security" Building.
Kansas City, "The Helst" Building.
Hartford, Conn., "Hill's Block."
New Haven, Conn., "First National Bank" Bldg.
Cincinnati, "The Union Trust" Building.
St. John, N. B., "The McLaughlin" Building.
Montreal, Can., "The Temple" Building.
London, Eng., "The Trafalgar" Building.

LOW-RATE SUMMER TOURS TO THE PACIFIC COAST AND MOUNTAINS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST, VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In view of the extremely low rates authorized by the various transcontinental lines on account of the International Conference of the Epworth League at San Francisco in July next, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a thirty-day tour across the continent, leaving New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other stations on its lines east of Pittsburgh, on Monday, July 8th, returning to New York Tuesday, August 6th.

The route will include stops at all the really important points for rest and sightseeing, among them being Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs (with a daylight ride through the Rocky Mountains, including the Royal Gorge and Grand Cañon of the Arkansas), and at Salt Lake City, arriving at San Francisco 10.00 A. M. Tuesday, July 16th, before the convention opens. Six days will be allotted to San Francisco, for which time no hotel accommodations or other features will be included in the tickets. Leaving San Francisco Monday morning, July 22d, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles will be visited, all traveling over the new coast line of the Southern Pacific Company being done by daylight. In order to view what is reputed to be the most attractive scenery in California. Leaving Los Angeles, San José will be visited, thence Portland, with two days' stop, after which will come the crowning feature of the tour, the journey homeward via the Canadian Pacific Railway through the unrivaled mountains of British Columbia.

The schedule over the Canadian Pacific Railway will be prepared with especial care, and the train side-tracked at nights where necessary, in order that no part of this delightful feature may be missed by night traveling. This in itself is a rare opportunity. In addition, stops will be made at Banff Hot Springs and St. Paul.

The tourists will travel in the highest grade of Pullman equipment, and the special train will be composed of vestibuled dining-car, sleeping cars, and an observation car. The latter car will be similar to those used on the famous Pennsylvania Limited.

With the exception of the time devoted to San Francisco, passengers will be located on the special train during the entire tour. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner will be provided in the dining-car while en route and when side-tracked at the various places visited. Our patrons will therefore avoid the expense of high-priced hostilities, the hurry and annoyance of meal-stations, and the unsatisfactory accommodations afforded by the ordinary tourist. A thoroughly experienced tourist agent and a chaperon will accompany the party, and in fact the entire tour will be conducted under the same careful management that has made the "Pennsylvania Tours" world famous.

The total rate for entire trip, as outlined above, covering one double berth and all meals in dining car, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harrisburg, Altoona, and points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh, will be \$188.50; two persons in a berth, each \$108.50.

Rate, going with the main party, with Pullman berth and meals up to arrival at San Francisco, returning from San Francisco independently by any direct route, with transportation only on return trip, \$118.10; two persons in a berth, each \$108.10.

Rate, transportation, Pullman berth, and meals on special train to San Francisco, with transportation only returning independently via Portland and Northern Pacific Railway, or Canadian Pacific Railway and St. Paul, until August 31st, \$127.10; two in a berth, each \$117.10. This route will especially appeal to those who desire to visit Yellowstone Park on their return journey. The tickets admit of stop-over at Livingston, at which point a ticket covering five and one-half days' hotel accommodations, with stage transportation through Yellowstone Park, may be purchased for \$49.50.

Rate, covering same as preceding trip up to San Francisco, with transportation only returning independently via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, and Canadian Pacific or Northern Pacific and St. Paul, \$131.60; two in a berth, each \$121.60.

Rates from Pittsburgh, \$5 less than above figures. For the information of those who desire to travel independently after arrival at San Francisco, it should be noted that tickets permit stop-off within limit of August 31st, at and west of Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Colo., and west of St. Paul. Stop-over will also be allowed until August 31st, at Niagara Falls and Buffalo, for Fair Play Exposition, on tickets reading through those points.

Descriptive booklet will shortly be issued, giving the schedule and further details. Diagrams are now open, and as the number who can be accommodated will be strictly limited, names should be registered immediately.

For further information apply to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; Thos. Purdy, Passenger Agent, Long Branch District, 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; J. K. Shoemaker, Passenger Agent Middle District, 1411 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; B. Courlander, Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore and Calvert Streets, Baltimore, Md.; C. Studds, Passenger Agent Southern District, 15th and G Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.



NOTABLE WALL STREET MEN.—GENERAL THOMAS L. WATSON.

THE panic of 1901 marked the worst "black Thursday" that Wall Street has ever experienced. Following the sudden corner in Northern Pacific stock, which drove the frantic speculators who had sold it short into a position from which they could not possibly extricate themselves without facing ruin, came the complete collapse that usually follows a big corner in the market. As I write, stocks are undergoing such a tremendous fall as they have never before experienced in the brief compass of a few hours. Everybody who had been anxious to buy seemed suddenly anxious to sell. Those who were flushed with victory, whose bank accounts were swelled to the most generous proportions, and who were numbered among the new millionaires of but yesterday, have sat today with blanched and anxious faces watching the disappearance of their wealth, as if by the touch of some evil genius. With many stocks dropping in a few hours to half the prices of yesterday, with such turmoil and confusion in and about the exchange that brokers were compelled to refuse orders and turn all their attention to saving themselves from falling amid the general ruin of their customers, came the opportunity for which many a long-headed, patient, experienced investor had been watching. These are the men who, when others were compelled to sacrifice their stocks and bonds, were on the spot with ready cash to buy, and who, in the turn of an hour or two, made a profit as great as that which the speculator ordinarily secures in a single year. For weeks I have been advising caution and doing my best to keep my readers from rushing into a crazy stock market. Be cautious still!

And is it any wonder that the great spider-web fabric of speculation was suddenly broken down in the gale which blew from the Northern Pacific corner: that stocks supported by slender margins fell upon the market like an avalanche, and that the currents of speculation were suddenly reversed amid conditions very nearly signaling a panic? The recent sudden slumps revealed the fact that when the public gets ready to unload, prices can drop quite as rapidly as they have advanced. We have been witnessing of late not a panic to sell, but a panic to buy, a situation absolutely without precedent in Wall Street; such a congestion of

business, such an influx of orders, that many small customers have had to wait their turn in vain; for leading brokers would only be bothered with their best and biggest customers. Such a condition has never before been known on Wall Street. There have been floods of selling orders to bother and perplex brokers, but never before have the latter been so overcrowded with orders to buy that they were unable to fill them. This stage marked the beginning of a very serious and dangerous condition of affairs. I have hoisted the danger-signal once or twice before, but I hoist it a little higher on this occasion, and those who see it in time and take warning of the delicacy of the financial situation and the hazards that inevitably encompass the speculator whose margins are small will, in due season, recognize the value of the warning.

We are not so much more prosperous now than we were a year ago that stocks should sell, for the most part, higher than ever before. A few facts are given in an interesting compilation by Messrs. Schofield, Whicker & Co., of Boston, that are well worth bearing in mind. They show that the exports of domestic merchandise from the United States increased last year over 1896 by 58 per cent., the money in circulation in the United States by 37 per cent., the pig-iron production by 59 per cent., and the bank clearings by 67 per cent., while, during the same period, the market value of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy stock has increased nearly 400 per cent., and of Atchison common and preferred by nearly 470 per cent. During the four years embraced in this period the Burlington's increase in net earnings was only 38 per cent., and the Atchison's 182 per cent. Of course it will be said that we have been discounting the possibilities and probabilities of the future. Precisely so, and we have been discounting in the stock market the probabilities of the next five years, if not of the next decade.

There are indications that, instead of a peaceful understanding among the great giants of finance, there is a struggle for strategic control going on which may not culminate in a lasting and satisfactory peace. The newspapers have been reporting that New York and Boston interests had been disputing for control of the Mexican Central Railroad, and various reports of contests for supremacy in the Northern Pacific, in St. Paul, and in Union Pacific have been printed almost daily. Is it a struggle for peace, or for the best position, in case of war, between the competing railroads? And if peace should be secured through belligerent measures, how long will it be guaranteed to last, when, with the recurrence of dull times, there will be more freight-cars than freight, and more coaches than passengers? That time will come as surely in the future as it has come in the past, and just as surely it will result in rate wars, in acute competition, in a deadly struggle, not so much for supremacy as for existence—a struggle in which we shall witness the survival of the fittest and the ruin and bankruptcy of the weak and incompetent.

As if intent on making the ruin complete, we find great railroad systems burdening themselves with enormous new issues of bonds upon which interest must be paid, whether earned or not, with the only other alternative of a receivership. Many old operators, and many not so old, remembering the great period of reorganization through which the railroads of this country passed less than two decades ago, are wondering how long it will be before investors at home and abroad will have to meet a similar expensive experience.

The sudden rise in interest rates on the recent days when the market broke shows, despite the favorable outlook for cheap money which we have enjoyed during the current year, that sudden emergencies have put the banks to new and severer tests. Many an astute financier has looked with anxiety upon the expectation of gold shipments at a time when the surplus reserve of the associated banks was down to the lowest level in ten years, while the loans of the banks were a hundred millions greater than they had ever been before. The prosperous, prolific, and sometimes profligate West may continue to send its enormous surplus into Wall Street for a little time to come, but Western banks cannot always enjoy a superabundance of loanable funds. The time will come when the demands of the crop movement and of the growing industries of the West and the South will call a halt on cash shipments to New York. The time will come, too, when some of the big operators will gladly welcome a lower range of prices, that they may enter the market again and buy back stocks which they have been selling so generously to the eager public. Then there will be few prizes in the lottery of Wall Street, the multitude will draw the blanks, and dismay and confusion, death and destruction, will lie in the path of an overwhelming financial tornado. As usual, the new-comers, the inexperienced, and, therefore, the most venturesome

PROPOSALS FOR

\$5,885,000.00

OF

3 1/2% CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from all Taxation in the State of New York,
except for State Purposes.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY SECTION 9 OF ARTICLE 1 OF CHAPTER 417 OF THE LAWS OF 1897 TO INVEST IN THIS STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Tuesday, the 14th day of May, 1901,

at 2 o'clock P. M., for the whole or a part of the following described Registered Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, to wit:

\$658,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ACQUIRING LANDS FOR A PUBLIC PARK, BOUNDED BY HESTER, ESSEX, DIVISION, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CANAL, RUTGERS, AND JEFFERSON STREETS, AND EAST BROADWAY.
Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$1,392,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ACQUIRING LANDS FOR A PUBLIC PARK, BOUNDED BY HESTER, ESSEX, DIVISION, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CANAL, RUTGERS, AND JEFFERSON STREETS AND EAST BROADWAY.
Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$800,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR HIGH SCHOOLS AND SITES THEREOF.
Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$750,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR A BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER,
BETWEEN THE BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN AND BROOKLYN.
Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$350,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR LAYING ADDITIONAL WATER-MAINS AND ERECTING ADDITIONAL PUMPING-MACHINES IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
Principal payable November 1, 1920.

\$150,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR LAYING WATER-MAINS IN THE BOROUGHS OF BROOKLYN.
Principal payable November 1, 1920.

\$1,200,000.00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE NEW AQUEDUCT.
Principal payable October 1, 1920.

A Deposit of TWO PER CENT. (in money or certified check on a National or State Bank in the City of New York) must be deposited with each proposal.

For fuller information see CITY RECORD. Copies to be procured at No. 2 City Hall.

BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.

April 30th, 1901.

Leslie's Weekly

Is one of the best
Financial Advertising
Mediums in this Country.

It reaches a clientele with money to invest, and an intelligent public. It would pay Banks and Insurance Companies to print their statements, and Bankers to announce their bond issues.

We are in receipt, every week, of numerous inquiries as to the character of investments.

Give our Financial Page a trial.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

and daring, now feel the greatest force of the shock. Thus does history continue to repeat itself.

How much of a lottery Wall Street in its exciting moments is, can be realized by the fortunate ones who had Northern Pacific stock when it was cornered and suddenly advanced nearly 500 points, and almost to 700. The shorts, who were called upon to settle, would have saved their precious dollars if they had listened to my warning, repeatedly given of late, that this is a dangerous market to sell short. Some of the most sagacious speculators, believing that Northern Pacific common had reached a fictitious value when it was advanced above par, hastened to sell it short. It certainly looked like a good sale, but when rival interests went into the market to compete for control, and found that a much larger proportion of the stock than usual had been taken out of the Street by investors, they quickly ran up against a corner. Similar conditions may facilitate the cornering of some other stocks. Realizing this peculiar situation, I have advised against short sales until the plans of the great leaders are more accurately disclosed. Such an episode as the cornering of a great railroad stock during a rising market usually frightens away speculators and investors, and marks the approaching climax of a boom. But one important fact must not be lost sight of, namely, that the great financiers who have been absorbing stocks at abnormally high figures, under pressure of circumstances and during the struggle for control, will not consent to sell them at a loss, and will therefore do all in their power to maintain and advance existing prices. I repeat that this is a dangerous market for one with small capital or light margins to trade in.

If any one thinks that the combinations of great industries and of great railroad systems have forever ended disastrous competition, let him proceed immediately to disabuse his mind of that impression. So serious was the result of Hill's Northern Pacific-Burlington deal, in the effect it produced upon the owners of Northwest, St. Paul, Rock Island, and other lines that compete more or less with the Burlington, that Mr. Hill hastened to make a public disavowal that he had absorbed the Burlington with an intent to utilize it to the detriment of its competitors. It remains to be seen whether he will derive any benefit from this combination unless he does so utilize it. The moment he does, I can predict that the Northwest, the St. Paul, and Rock Island will immediately take steps to extend their systems to Pacific-coast points, or gather in other railroads that will give them desired facilities for transatlantic competition with the Northern Pacific-Burlington combine. The St. Paul and the Northwest might enter jointly into such a protective arrangement. It is no secret that the Rock Island, by making connection with the Southern Pacific at El Paso, could furnish the shortest route from Chicago to the Pacific coast. This would not be a very difficult undertaking for the Rock Island, and there is rumor that such a purpose is in the air.

Competition in the East is also being strengthened. The Wabash is seeking an outlet on the Atlantic seaboard and is already preparing to enter Pittsburg to compete with its rivals for the enormous amount of business originating there. In the industrial field, competition is the order of the day. The Diamond Match is to have a competitor at Terre Haute, and steel and iron plants in competition with U. S. Steel are being built not far from Philadelphia and in the vicinity of Detroit. Wherever an industrial establishes a business on the basis of large profits, there idle capital seeks its best opening. It has always been so and is especially so at this time, when there is a plethora of funds seeking investment.

"V." Philadelphia: Rating fair.
"H." Baltimore: Reply by letter.
"G." Plattsburg: No. (2) No. (3) Rating low.
"R." Providence, R. I.: Your letter is satisfactory.
"J. G." Cambridge, N. Y.: Have nothing to do with it. No stamp.
"R." Brooklyn: No rating. Would advise a reliable broker. No stamp.

"F. E." Brooklyn, N. Y.: Subscription acknowledged. You are on preferred list.
"B." Cincinnati: Cannot advise on mining. (2) Wait for more settled conditions.
"P." Kewanee, Ill.: Answered elsewhere in this column. (2) No reliable books of the kind.

"Pacific," Atlantic City, N. J.: No difference. The low-priced dividend-paying stocks are at a pretty high figure. I would wait for a while.

"W." Pottsville, Penn.: Unless the stock was recorded in your name on the books of the company I do not see how you can receive the dividends.

"D." Baltimore: I would prefer Kansas City Southern common to Mexican National common for a long pull. See other answers on this subject in this issue.

"Duke," Winsted, Conn.: I would much prefer dealing with men of acknowledged standing on the New York or Consolidated exchanges. Parties you mention have no rating.

"O." Russellville, Ala.: I do not quite understand your inquiry. The general advice in my column will probably cover what you desire to know. If not, state your question more specifically.

"M." Hartford, Conn.: The savings bank is safest. There is always risk in Wall Street. If you buy, wait for settled conditions. As to K. C. and S., read other answers. The firm you name is all right. Personal interview impossible.

"Inquirer," Washington, D. C.: I believe with you that the common stockholders should get together to protect their interests, but this is obviously a matter for a lawyer to consider. An organization of the stockholders is the first essential.

"D." Chicago, Ill.: The Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad sold last year as low as 4 1/4 for the common and 12 for the preferred. It is only a purchase for those who want to speculate. Intrinsically, it has little merit at present.

"P." New Orleans: If the market revives its strength, spurts in other high-priced stocks, including Pennsylvania, are possible, and this would carry up the quoted price of the "rights," but at such a time I would be inclined to sell and be satisfied.

"S." Holyoke, Mass.: Wisconsin Central will ultimately become an important factor in the railroad situation. While I am not advising the purchase of stocks at these prices, I think, on reactions, that Wisconsin Central is one of the things that will be worth picking up for a long pull.

"X. R." Sioux City, Ia.: Veterans on the street, who have undertaken, during the past few months, to make money on the short side have sustained heavy losses. No one dares select a stock to sell short until the scope of the proposed combinations has been more fully disclosed. No stamp.

"G. L." Grand Rapids: The Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette land-grant bonds at 93 ought to be a fair purchase, for, as I am told, the company has bought, and I presume retired, a considerable number at about 95. Much depends upon the value of the lands remaining unsold and comprised within the grant.

"X. Y. Z." Plattsburg, N. Y.: The prodigious advance of Atchafalaya common in the face of a declaration of a dividend of only 1 1/4 per cent. was accounted for by an effort to secure its control. In such a freaky market, it is impossible to foresee what may happen, even from hour to hour. The only advice I can give to my readers is to be cautious.

"D." Hartford, Conn.: Pressed Steel Car is largely overcapitalized, but the preferred is a good investment for the time being. I do not regard it as a permanent investment. (2) Yes. (3) American

Tobacco preferred, by all odds. It is among the safest of the industrial securities. (4) Northwest, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Great Northern, and Union Pacific.

"Ridgeway," Philadelphia: United States Steel Company is a Massachusetts concern and must not be confused with the United States Steel Corporation. It pays 12 per cent. per annum, or at least paid that amount last year, and is engaged in the manufacture of steel from scrap or refuse by patented processes. It is regarded with favor by those who believe in industrial propositions.

"L." St. Paul, Minn.: The annual report of Union Bag and Paper, as I have already said in my column, was not as favorable as might have been desired. I doubt if I can advise the purchase of the preferred as a permanent investment. (2) If the condition of the iron trade continues to improve, Tennessee Coal and Iron should advance. Its report, recently made, I regard as favorable.

"V." Philadelphia, Penn.: I do not regard Bay State Gas as anything but the commonest kind of a gamble. It takes occasional spurts, but it has really little value, though no doubt some of the magnates of the Street could even vitalize such a stock as this if they took it under their wing. The name more than the intrinsic value seems to give a market price to stocks in these days.

"Subscriber," Hamilton, O.: Glad you have made a profit on my advice. (2) None of the industrial common shares are safe investments in the full meaning of the word "safe." Among the cheap common stocks that are fair investments and dividend-payers, I include American Ice common and Pressed Steel Car common. (3) If prosperous conditions continue they ought to sell higher. (4) No rating.

"B." New York: Burlington at 900 is selling for pretty nearly all it is worth. It is to be exchanged for a gilt-edged 4-per-cent. bond, maturing in twenty years, but redeemable at 105 after five years. This bond will probably sell a little above par. (2) The issue of the bonds would extinguish the stock. (3) One who is short of C. B. & Q. is in a pretty tight corner. The best thing he can do is to cover and recoup his loss in some other direction.

"J." Bradford, Penn.: Wabash seconds sell around 110, Missouri, Kansas and Texas seconds around 80, and Texas and Pacific firsts around 130. These are good investment bonds, and unless the market has a very strong reaction they will not decline to any extent. I would not be in a hurry to sell unless you had something of special merit in mind promising some such advance as these have enjoyed during the past few years.

"R." Okolona, Miss.: Don't touch the oil scheme. (2) Colorado Southern four per cent. at 80 are selling about on a par with the prices of other bonds of similar quality. (3) The Buffalo Gas 5s at 75 are a fairly good speculative bond purchase. I do not regard them as an investment. (4) I would prefer the San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s at 85, with the guarantee they bear of the Southern Pacific railroad, to the St. Louis and Southwestern seconds at 80.

"L. F. D." No. (2) Many of the stocks now selling at high figures were for a long time very dormant. People usually flock in to buy when stocks are rising disproportionately to their value. (3) I am unable to stand the shock of a break in the market. I had rather distribute my investments among three such stocks than to put them all in any one of them. I am a great believer in taking a profit, especially a good one, and I believe in taking it in a market that reveals a disposition toward reactions. An active operator, who gets in and out on reactions, and does not get in at the climax of high prices, will make the most money.

"McE." Toronto: It is a hardship on the small operator, located as you are, at a distance from New York, that he cannot easily trade in small lots. It would be wiser to deal, even at greater cost, with a reliable broker at home than to trust your money to any of the "advisory" syndicates or bucket-shops which offer so freely to take it for you. I think if you will communicate with some reliable New York broker, laying your case before him, and leaving a satisfactory deposit, you may arrange to do business on the plan you suggest.

"M." Curwinstown, Penn.: Choctaw is not dealt in on the New York exchange, and my advice was the best I could obtain from those who seemed to be familiar with it when I wrote. (2) You cannot complain that plenty of opportunities for profitable investment have not been given in this column. Note my advice, months ago, to buy Missouri Pacific between 40 and 50, Wabash B debentures at less than 40, and Texas Pacific when it was at 18. (3) I believe that Kansas City Southern and also Toledo, St. Louis and Western are promising low-priced stocks, if purchased on reactions.

"N." Chicago: Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic enjoyed a sudden spurt sympathetically with the rise in Canadian Pacific, on the report that Mr. Hill had acquired a substantial interest in the latter. The name of a big financier need only be connected with a stock on Wall Street, no matter how insignificant it may be, to give the stock a smart advance. It is well for purchasers of the common stock of Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic to bear in mind that the preferred is obligated to pay 6 per cent. dividends before anything can be paid on the common. This is the reason why I should speculate in the preferred rather than the common.

"New Yorker": Bank stocks in New York, and especially the ones you name, are in such demand that they will probably sell higher. Their merit is their absolute safety. The same amount of money invested in a stock which is showing a rapid increase of earnings, like Kansas City Southern preferred, would no doubt, in the end, yield much larger returns, but the risk will be greater. (2) If the expected amalgamation of the interest is carried out, the Wabash B ought to advance. (3) There is no doubt that strong Standard Oil interests are seeking control of the copper market, and it is the expectation that they will succeed and that Amalgamated Copper will enjoy the chief benefit from their success. No stamp.

"M." Augusta, Ga.: Thanks for your grateful letter. Subscription acknowledged. (2) All the Pacific stocks have been wonderfully strengthened by the talk of a transcontinental combination. The truth about the spasmodic rise of some of the Pacific stocks has been carefully concealed, but the impression is that a large short interest, as much as buying for control, has had to do with it. No doubt Northern Pacific common expects to be permanently benefited by the proposed retirement of the preferred, which, however, may still be a long way off. Fancy prices even for Missouri Pacific have been talked of. My readers may remember that it was selling at exactly half the present price. The man who expects to buy a low-priced stock and to have it advance immediately after its purchase is usually disappointed, unless he is on the inside. If the present earnings of Kansas City Southern are continued it is easy to foresee the time when dividends will be earned on both its classes of stocks. (3) I said long ago that no great boom ever culminated until all the low-priced stocks had enjoyed a material advance. Veterans on the Street believe that the present boom will culminate in a wider speculation in the industrials, at advancing prices.

"N." River Forest, Ill.: History runs on parallel lines, but not always with chronological exactness. In other words, the duration of a boom is uncertain. Some of the most sagacious speculators on Wall Street sacrificed their holdings months ago because the market seemed dangerously high. You are in the company of wise men. (2) The earnings of Kansas City Southern for March were \$117,000 net, as against \$46,000 during the corresponding month of the preceding year, an increase of 150 per cent. It is easy to see that whenever insiders get ready to exploit such a stock they can do with it precisely what was done with St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred stock, which I advised my readers to purchase when it was selling at exactly half the present price. The man who expects to buy a low-priced stock and to have it advance immediately after its purchase is usually disappointed, unless he is on the inside. If the present earnings of Kansas City Southern are continued it is easy to foresee the time when dividends will be earned on both its classes of stocks. (3) I said long ago that no great boom ever culminated until all the low-priced stocks had enjoyed a material advance. Veterans on the Street believe that the present boom will culminate in a wider speculation in the industrials, at advancing prices.

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NEW YORK, May 9th, 1901. JASPER.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

ANOTHER of the fraternal assessment associations has gone to the wall and been added to the long list of its predecessors, a list which bids fair to become very much longer, unless common sense more generally pervades the masses. The Massachusetts insurance commissioner recently applied for a receivership for the Masons' Fraternal Accident Association of America, which sought patronage by its title among the Masonic fraternity. It succeeded moderately well, for it was organized as late as 1887, and had, in two years, a membership

of nearly 10,000. Although this was an accident rather than a life insurance association, the fact that it was conducted on the assessment plan justifies my reference to it as an illustration of the impracticability and inexpediency of fraternal assessment assurance of any kind. The whole plan upon which the beneficial associations are conducted is defective, in that it never provides for an adequate reserve. Fraternal associations are attractive solely because they offer cheap insurance, and they can make cheap rates simply because they do not provide a surplus for emergencies. Members of fraternal orders are told that the old-line companies impose an unnecessary extra premium and accumulate an unnecessary reserve. It never seemed to strike the advocate of assessment insurance that this surplus and reserve belong to the policy-holders, and that when the surplus is distributed, the distribution is made to the members of the company, who are, of course, its policy-holders. Cheap insurance is not the best insurance; safety and security are the first essentials.

"A. M." Easthampton, Mass.: Of the three companies you name, the Northwestern, the National, and the Equitable, I should prefer the last mentioned. No stamp.
"L." Milwaukee: I do not think that the Northwestern Mutual Life expects to continue to pay as generous dividends as it has paid in the past. The decrease in interest rates will make that almost impossible.

"Clerk," Memphis, Tenn.: The Mutual Reserve has gotten rid of most of its assessment business. Its new policies make provision for the full legal reserve. Naturally the company has had considerable trouble with some of its members.

"L." Boston, Mass.: The Mutual Life of New York reported at the close of last year new business written and paid for of over \$170,000,000, a statement almost unrivaled and unprecedented. You will make no mistake in accepting the policy offered you.

"G." Roanoke, Va.: I do not advise assessment insurance, but if you are not insurable in an old-line company, membership in a fraternal concern will give you a temporary lift. The beneficial order to which you refer does no business in New York State. It is no better than any others of its class.

"S." Clinton, Mass.: The Travelers of Hartford will give you a safe accidental insurance. The assessment associations that offer you accident and sick benefit advantages are temporary makeshifts. Their success depends upon the conservatism of their management and their ability to constantly attract new members. I would prefer to pay a little more and get safe and reliable insurance.

"Inquirer," Buffalo, N. Y.: The Hon. John A. McCall, the President of the New York Life, has flatly denied the report to which you refer regarding an amalgamation of the New York Life and the Mutual Life Insurance companies. He points out that the constitution of the State would not permit such a consolidation, and he adds that it has never been contemplated. I take this as an absolute and complete denial, meaning exactly what it says. President McCall is a man of his word.

"G." Harrisburg, Penn.: What are known as the gold debentures of the New York Equitable Life are gold bonds which can be paid for by the purchaser by annual payments. In return, the company guarantees the delivery of 5-per-cent. bonds immediately on the death of the purchaser. Or, if they are purchased on a limited-payment plan, they will be delivered to him at the end of a stipulated period. The purchaser of these bonds participates in the profits of the company during the time he is making his payments by installments. This is an excellent combination of insurance and investment.

The Hermit.

The World of Amusement.

It is not surprising that the transference of "Lovers' Lane," Clyde Fitch's clever domestic play, from the Manhattan to the Republic has been followed by a continuance of its decided success at the former theatre. It is a tribute to the moral sentiment of theatre-goers that they so generously patronize a play that depicts the homely virtues of every-day life in a rural community. "Lovers' Lane" calls out as much real enthusiasm as any performance given in New York during the season. The love for the pastoral is found, in its intensest manifestation, curiously enough, among the people of our great cities, to whom rural life always presents a peculiar attraction.

The continuous successes of the season in New York are the colossal Drury Lane production at the Broadway, "The Price of Peace"; Amelia Bingham, in her brilliant presentation of "The Climbers," at the Bijou; Miss Barrymore, in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," at the Garrick; Blanche Bates, at the Garden, in "Under Two Flags"; Julia Marlowe, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," at the Criterion; Miss Crossman's renewed success in "Mistress Nell" at Wallack's; and William Collier, in his funniest farce, "On the Quiet," at the Madison Square Theatre.

In the musical line we still have the charming "San Toy" at Daly's, the lively "Florodora" at the Casino, and "The Prima Donna" at the Herald Square. The attendance at all the play-houses in New York, including the high-class vaudeville at Proctor's and Keith's, continues to be unusually large, a reflection of the general prosperity of the whole country.

Mr. Sam S. Shubert, manager of the Herald Square Theatre, will place on view this season, with the assistance of a star cast, a special production of the notable London success, "The Brixton Burglary," the American rights of which he contracted for during its long-record engagement at the Strand Theatre, London. It was first understood that Charles Frohman controlled this comedy, and would present it at one of his theatres, yet it is apparent from the personnel of the company Mr. Shubert has selected that the rollicking farce will not suffer under his astute direction. "The Brixton Burglary" is from the pen of Fred. W. Sidney, and is a farcical creation in three acts. The cast engaged already includes Joseph Holland, W. J. Ferguson, Sam Edwards, Lionel Barrymore, Richard Baker, Charles Regal, Elita Proctor Otis, Grace Filkins, Jessie Busley, and Channez Olney.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyné has opened a new era of success by her artistic production, "In a Balcony," first given at Wallack's Theatre. It was repeated at a special matinee at the Knickerbocker on May 6th, to the delight of an attentive audience. The sonorous beauty of Browning's lines was skillfully interpreted by Mrs. Le Moyné as the Queen, Eleanor Robson in the role of Constance, and Otis Skinner as Norbert. The picturesque setting, the beautiful costumes, and the comely figures of the artists produced an impression delightful and lasting, while the perfect enunciation was indeed a rare treat. It is a pity that such a high-class production is confined to single performances. Its artistic merit cannot be overestimated and Mrs. Le Moyné must be congratulated and thanked for the exquisite representation. "In a Balcony" was preceded by "The Land of Heart's Desire," a legend of Ireland, full of superstition and incoherence. Little Mabel Taliaferro was conspicuously clever. JASON.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



AS IT WAS NOT LONG AGO.

MARKS (irritably)—"Confound that grass-seed I planted last evening! Will it never grow?"

Dough Does It.

If you'll read me for a moment
I will give a recipe
That will take you from the poor-house
Into swim society.
There is one thing that's imperative,
As I would have you know,
That is dough.

Get the dough; if you aspire
To the fly four hundred. Then
Nobody will inquire
Of you how, or where, or when.
Society will ask you—
And she has a right to know—
Where's your dough?

If you fail to find your pay-streak
And you jump your neighbor's claim,
Or in stocks you rob your neighbor,
The end is just the same.
Society will ask you
What you own, not what you owe.
Get the dough. R. A. B.

When Pennies Were Scarce.

ONE of the most annoying, and at the same time apparently petty, problems imaginable confronted the proprietors of the first penny paper established in Chicago, and the attempts to solve it resulted in many amusing experiences.

A penny article is a drug on the market where there are no pennies, and that was the situation in Chicago at that time. The venture was generally believed to be a hazardous one, but the general public was far from realizing where the main trouble lay. As in other new departures the greatest difficulty was overlooked. It was not the cost of production, but the difficulty of sale. Chicago was not so bad as the far West, of which Mark Twain tells the story that a man who produced a dime was accused of carrying a quarter so near his miserly heart that it shriveled up, but the nickel was practically the smallest coin in circulation. One might run across a penny now and then, but to all intents and purposes it had no value. In any event there were not enough of them passing from hand to hand to count for much when it came to circulating a penny newspaper.

In this emergency the proprietors of the paper found it necessary to import pennies. They not only had to demonstrate that a paper could be published in Chicago for that price, but they had to provide the coins, so they invested \$5,000 in them. With 500,000 pennies they felt that they had enough to supply the city, but it was still a question as to how to get them into the hands of the citizens. In a minor way it could be done through the newsboys, but only in a minor way, for the latter could hardly carry enough to make change for every one. Besides, it was desired to have them in the pockets of the people, for a man with an odd penny in his pocket would buy when a man with nothing less than a nickel or a dime would not.

"Then it was," said a veteran newspaper man recently, "that the proprietors evolved the brilliant scheme of paying off their employees in pennies. The tradesmen wouldn't take them when they could possibly avoid it, but the employees were powerless. It was a matter of bread and butter with them, and it was only natural to suppose that



AS IT IS THESE DAYS.

MARKS (three weeks later, irritably)—"Well, of all the blankety blanked thick grass, etc. !—!—!—!"

they would force them into circulation. Indeed, they would have to do it in order to live, and their creditors—boarding-house keepers and others—would have to take the pennies or go without their pay. I was getting the munificent salary of \$30 a week at the time, and the first pay-day after the rule went into effect I carried my money home in a canvas bag, and felt as if I would like to hire a dray and charge it up to the office. Thirty dollars in pennies and three-cent pieces—for they were considerate enough to put in a few of the latter! Just think of it! And the average tradesman would rebel at taking even five pennies.

"Well, when I got it home I dumped it into my trunk and went out and borrowed the money necessary to pay my board. I didn't have the nerve to try to force the small coins on my landlady. Fortunately, my credit was pretty good, and the next week I did the same thing. I kept this up for eight weeks, at the expiration of which I had \$240 in pennies and three-cent pieces in my trunk, and owed pretty nearly every one I knew. Something had to be done, and I was in a quandary. I tried to get my creditors to take the money, but they all said they preferred to let the indebtedness run a little longer. I don't know how the rest of the boys got rid of their pennies, but I know they must have had a hard time doing it. I finally went to a small bank and asked for the privilege of opening an account. I was ashamed to tell them who I was, so I explained that I owned a small shop and had been saving up the money I had taken in trade. The bank official demurred at first, but finally agreed to take the deposit.

"But," he said, 'we can't take any more from you of this character.'

"I won't ask you to," I replied, and I kept my word. In fact, I never went inside the bank again. I didn't have the courage to do it, so I just took my check-book, checked out the money on deposit, paid my debts, and let it go at that.

"But we made a success of the paper in the end, and I never hear of the problems of some new departure in the business world even now without thinking that probably the most serious one is entirely overlooked by all but the men actually interested, and very likely was discovered by them only after the venture was under way. In a practically untried field one never can tell where or when the trouble will break out. If we only knew what have proved to be the most troublesome obstacles to success in various great or novel enterprises we would have many surprises and a fund of amusing and interesting stories."

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

Embarrassing.

Little Ferdinand—"I saw you kiss Sister Alethea just now, Mr. Dusnap."

Dusnap (embarrassed)—"W-well, here is a quarter for you if you won't tell anybody."

Little Ferdinand (contemptuously)—"A quarter! I got fifty cents last night for not telling on Mr. Bert whistle."

A Dollar an Hour.

Mamma—"I am inclined to be suspicious of Mr. Smithers."

Maud—"Why, mamma, he always wears a dress-suit when he calls."

Mamma—"Yes; but it is not always the same one, my child."

Gain in One Direction.

Nobbs—"Can that dude Tompkins see any better with that single glass of his?"

Hobbs—"Not most things, but you see it gives him an eye for style."

Filling His Order.

"WAITER, what's all that noise, like a pile-driving machine at work?"

"That's the cook pounding your beefsteak. You ordered tenderloin, I believe, sir."

Right to the Point.

"WHERE do all the pins go to?" said a Harlem girl to her best beau when the talk about bicycles had lapsed into obnoxious disquietude.

"I'm pretty sure I know where a million of them go," he answered.

"Indeed? Why, where?" she asked with a start of surprise that made him withdraw his arm hastily from around her belt.

Gazing ruefully at the brand-new scratches on his wrist, he pointedly replied, "They go to waist."

The next time he called she wore her brother's ulster.

To Use Externally.

Customer—"I want ten cents' worth of zinc for my sister."

Drug-clerk—"What kind of zinc? There are about forty kinds. What does your sister want to use it for?"

Customer—"I don't know the kind. She said I must not tell what she wanted it for."

Drug-clerk—"Was it oxide of zinc she wanted?"

Customer—"Yes, that's it—outside of zinc to put on her face."

A Sunday Observation.

If you want to know what sort of disposition a Christian has before he is converted notice him on Sunday when he finds his pew full of strangers.

Only a Matter of Time.

Customer (in Boston restaurant)—"Waiter, have you any fried eels?"

Waiter—"We have eels, sir, and they are susceptible of being fried."

There Are Several at Large.

"AREN'T you late in getting home from Sunday-school, Bobby?"

"Well, I guess! There was a man there who made an all-day speech, and I thought we would never get out."

"Who was he?"

"Aw, I forget his name; but he was an escaped missionary."

An Impertinence.

"I THINK," she said, earnestly, "that a woman who truly loves a man always has his best interests at heart."

"Perhaps," he quietly answered; "but"—

"What were you going to say?"

"If that's the case, what makes her marry him?"

His Unhappy Youth.

"MANY the time, children," said Papa Jimpkins, relating an old story of the privations of his early life; "many the time have I been compelled to strap myself up very tight about the waist in order to experience even the remotest symptom of being too full for utterance."

Woman's Way.

Ted—"She said her age was twenty-two. What do you think of that?"

Ned—"I should call it an age of deception."

Advice to Circus Patrons.

STAY away from the ticket-wagon and buy your ticket of the red-faced man under the green umbrella.

Don't die of thirst; red lemonade costs only ten cents a glass.

When you buy anything always break a five-dollar bill.

The wheel of fortune is out of repair and the little arrow stops right over a ten-dollar bill every whirl of the wheel.

Stay for the grand concert. Do not confound this with the usual after-shows.

Don't fail to renew your acquaintance with the man with the shell game.

Don't fail to visit the annex and buy a reserved seat at the other end of the tent, where you can't see unless you hire an opera-glass for a dollar.

Interrupted Oratory.

"THEY'VE beat Bill for Congress," remarked the Nebraska politician sadly; "him as has had but one term and not finished his first speech yet."



I. NATIVE—"I'll fix that snake all right." (Whack!)

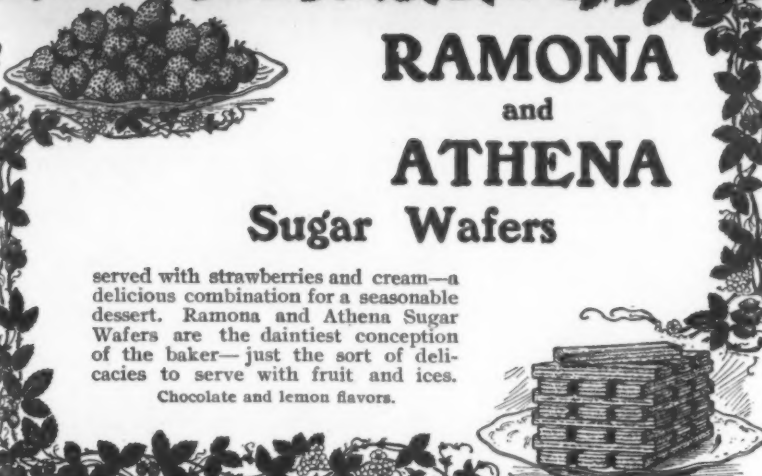


II. !—!—!—!!!

A SLY GAME IN THE JUNGLE.




III. SATISFIED TIGER—"It's a great scheme I work these days—if my tail will only stand the strain."



RAMONA and ATHENA Sugar Wafers

served with strawberries and cream—a delicious combination for a seasonable dessert. Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers are the daintiest conception of the baker—just the sort of delicacies to serve with fruit and ices. Chocolate and lemon flavors.



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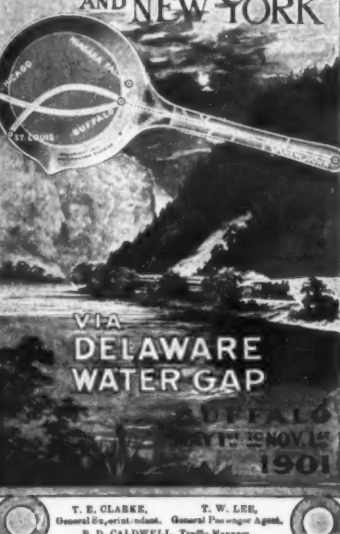
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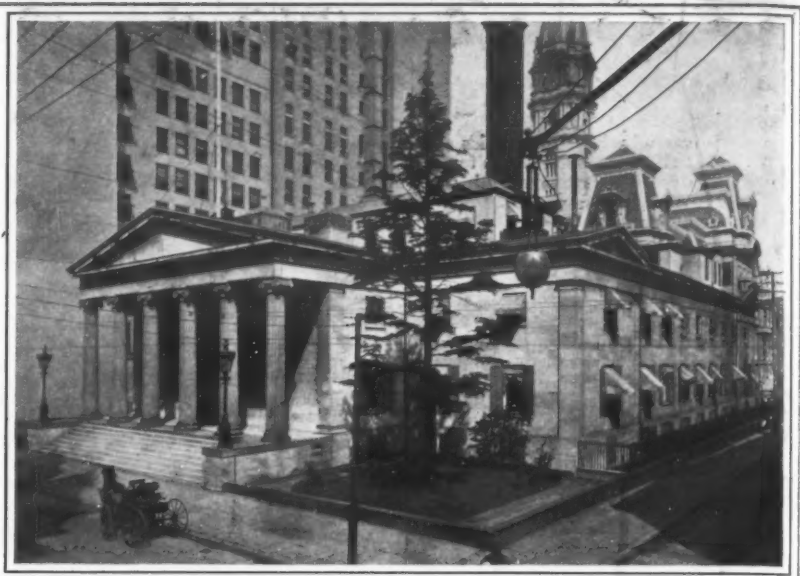
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THE FAMOUS OLD MINT, WHICH PUBLIC BUSINESS HAS OUTGROWN.

WHERE UNCLE SAM WILL COIN OUR MONEY.

THE MASSIVE NEW MINT APPROACHING COMPLETION AT PHILADELPHIA.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly."

Where All the Money Comes From.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1st.—No mint in the world can compare with the magnificent palace for coining the currency of the United States which the government will soon take possession of in Philadelphia. The removal from the old mint, which has been in use for more than half a century, is an event of national interest. The first building erected in the United States under the authority of the Federal government was the United States mint at Philadelphia. When the new building is complete the United States will own the finest and most thoroughly equipped money-coining factory to be found anywhere. Not before the early autumn will the mint be finished and equipped with its new electric machinery.

In round numbers the new mint will cost the country about three million dollars, of which a little more than two millions have been put into the building. The rest has been expended for new machinery, which will nearly treble the producing capacity of the Philadelphia mint. A vast amount of new coining apparatus has been specially constructed by experts in this class of work. All the new coining presses will be separately run by electricity. There will be no chance for a general break-down. As hand-presses gave way to steam about the time that the government moved into the present mint, so soon to be deserted, so steam will be displaced by electricity in the new building. One of the most interesting features of the new mint is the frankness with which the government intends to take the people into its confidence. A chain of galleries extending through the building will permit visitors to see every process of coinage from the time the metal is received until it is the finished coin stored away in the huge vaults. In the present building visitors have necessarily been somewhat restricted, although more than half a million visitors go through it each year. The vast amount of precious metal always in course of transition makes the most watchful care necessary, and at present excludes the public from some of the departments altogether. In the new mint all this will be changed.

The "strong-box" in the new building is a room fifty by one hundred feet, with two massive outside Remington doors that cost \$1,000 each. Inside these are separate compartments with combination locks, for gold bullion and coin, silver bullion and coin, and metal pieces of all denominations. The system of mechanical protection is nothing like so elaborate as that in the New York clearing house, but it is said to lack nothing in point of safety. There is always a great deal of treasure in the strong-box at the mint, every penny of which is accounted for to the Treasury Department at Washington by the superintendent every working day in the year. This amount varies anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, according to the season of the year and the demands from the various sub-treasuries.

Almost since the foundations of the new building were completed, \$71,000,000 of the government's money in standard silver dollars have been stored there under guard, divided into watches, six men for day and night service. These coins are always kept separate from the rest of the mint assets, and the contractor was obliged to build special vaults for them deep into the foundations of the building. Close by are the vaults for gold bullion. There are tons and tons of the yellow metal stored away in bags and boxes. An ingenious burglar-alarm system connects directly with the electrical bureau in police headquarters, and a disturbance of it would bring one hundred armed men to the mint in less than two minutes, without giving the slightest warning to anybody trying to rob the vaults.

One of the handsomest rooms in the new building is the deposit or weighing room, where all gold and silver for re-coining is first weighed. The new scales for this department are marvels of ingenuity. The largest weight used is 500 ounces. The smallest is the thirteen-hundredth part of a grain, and it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye except on a white ground. The standard test scales used in all the mints and assay-offices in the United States are so delicate as to weigh the twenty-thousandth part of an ounce. These scales are usually manufactured by employees of the mint. In the smallest of them the beam is hollow, and filled with Spanish cedar so as to guard against dampness. The bearings are edges of knife-blades which impinge on a surface of agate plate.

The daily sweepings of the mint are suggestive of Dickens's "Golden Dustman." They average \$50,000 a year. The floors in the milling-room are made of honeycombed iron divided into small sections, so that they can be readily taken up to save the dust. Their roughness acts as a scraper and prevents any

metallic particles from clinging to the soles of the shoes of persons passing through the department. California, from the discovery of gold in 1848, has furnished most of that metal that comes to the mint. Previous to that time the supply came in small quantities from Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Some of it, in recent years, has come from Nova Scotia and the Klondike. The silver that reaches the mint comes from the Western States and Territories, from South America, and New Mexico. Copper comes principally from the Lake Superior regions, and nickel from Pennsylvania.

The dies for coining are prepared in the mint by engravers specially employed for that purpose. The devices are cut into soft steel, those parts being depressed in the die which appear in relief in the coin. This, when finished, constitutes an original die, and is too precious to be directly used in stamping coin. It is used for multiplying dies, first by impressing another piece of soft metal which presents the appearance of a coin, but which is called a "hub." After hardening, the hub is used to impress other pieces of steel in a similar manner. These are also hardened like the original dies, and are used for striking the coins. A pair of these is good for about two weeks' work.

When stamped the coins are all taken to the coiner's room and placed on a long table, the double eagles in piles of ten each. The larger gold coins are put up in bags of \$5,000 each, and the dollar coins in bags of \$1,000 each. The silver pieces, and sometimes the gold, are counted on an ingeniously contrived counting-board. It is a simple, flat surface of wood, with copper partitions the height and size of the coin to be counted running parallel with each other at regular intervals, and rising from the surface of the board at equally regular intervals. The whole arrangement looks like a huge, old-fashioned washboard, the grooves running parallel with the sides. By this process \$25 in five-cent pieces, for instance, may be counted in a few seconds.

The coin museum in the new mint will be worth numismatists going far to see. There is no collection like it in this country, and the government has put it in magnificent surroundings. The coins on exhibition date from the time that civilized nations began to use gold and silver as money. Some of them are crude and shapeless and engraved with representations of animals and heathen deities. The earliest American coins are of brass, dated about 1612; and the earliest Colonial coins were stamped in Massachusetts about forty years later.

It is said that the first human head to be stamped on a coin was that of Alexander the Great. As he was regarded as something of a divinity, his effigy was put upon valuable coins, like that of other gods. Through a knowledge of coins and medals, with the inscriptions on them, historians are able to trace the progress of the world since metal was applied to such usage. Coins and medals mark the introduction of the ballot-box and the use of the scythe in cutting grain. Coins have perpetuated religions. In mystic characters the old Persian coins symbolize the dreadful sacrifices of the fire-worshippers. Costumes of all ages are stamped upon them, from the golden net of the Sorceress of the Nile to the stately ruff of Queen Bess of England. So is architecture largely indebted to medals and coins for accurate data. The medals of Septimus and Severus illustrate the faultless beauty of the triumphal arch built to celebrate the victory over the Arabs.

The first mint was established in Philadelphia early in the history of the Union. A lot was purchased in Seventh Street,

close to Arch Street, the site of an old liquor-still. Previous to that much perplexity arose from the use of no less than four different currencies, or rates, at which one species of coin was received in different parts of the Union. In New York, and many other States, a dollar was worth eight shillings. In New England it was worth only six shillings, and in some of the Southern States only four shillings and eight pence.

The original mint was a plain, old-fashioned structure, and the corner-stone was laid July 31st, 1792. For fifty years this modest building was sufficient for the coinage of the country. In 1839, Congress passed an act for the establishment of the mint on its present site, and here again its business has outgrown it. It is expected that the new building will last out the present century, at all events.

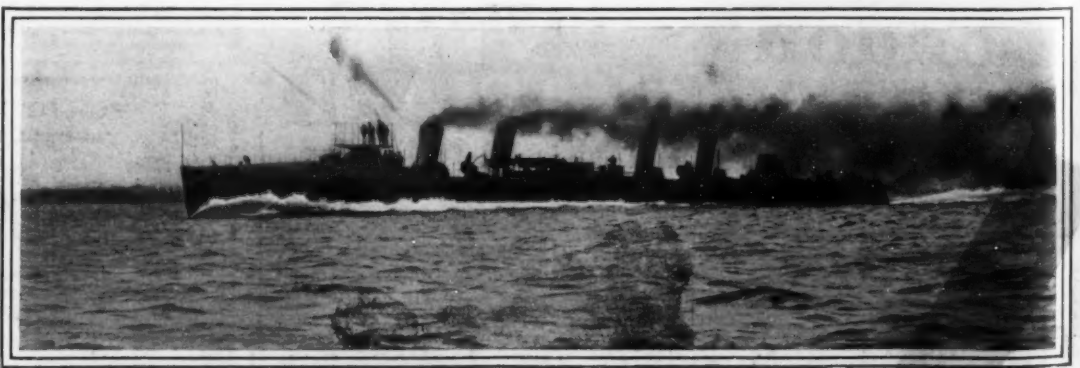
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Prunes Better than Candy.

AMERICANS recognize California as the greatest fruit-producing region of the world, although they were not the first to see the great future of the State in this respect. The healthfulness of fruit has been emphasized by the palatable quality of the home-grown article placed on the American market. The California prune has won its way to favor in this country against the French prune. It is larger and more delicious, and it also has the advantage of natural and entirely healthful processes in its preparation for the consumer. It is nutritious and not cloying like candy, and it is bound to come into favor as a substitute for sweets among parents who love to see a ruddy glow on the faces of their children. The California fruit-growers, zealous in protecting the home market against an inferior product, have formed a league known as "The California Cured Fruit Association," which is paying special attention to the marketing of the finest quality of prunes in view of their nutritive and restorative value, especially to nervous people—therefore to all Americans. The association has issued a book, which it sends free on application, giving 100 recipes for preparing prunes in various forms. Copies may be obtained by mentioning LESLIE'S WEEKLY and addressing The California Cured Fruit Association, San Francisco, Cal.

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The torpedo-boat *Bailey* is one of the most creditable additions to the torpedo flotilla, which has become an important factor in the United States Navy. At her trial trip on Long Island Sound, recently, starting from New London, she developed the great speed of thirty-one knots, or more than thirty-five miles an hour, while her average speed for two hours was 30.2 knots, thus proving her to be one of the fastest boats ever built for any navy. The ability to get more speed out of a craft of given length than has been secured abroad is the particular merit of American builders, and their superiority in this respect is admitted with reluctant candor by the leading constructors of the British navy. The *Bailey* was designed for 5,600 horse-power on a displacement of 235 tons. The fine cruiser *Montgomery*, with 2,089 tons displacement, has 5,451 horse-power, or approximately the same as the *Bailey*, while the speed of the former is nineteen knots. The *Bailey* was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, on the Harlem River, New York.



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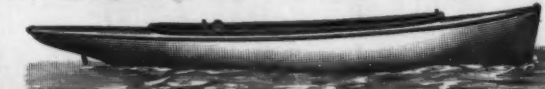
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